IN THIS NUMBER—"THE GOLD DISCOVERIES IN THE KLONDIKE"—PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED.

HARPER'S WEEKLY
A
JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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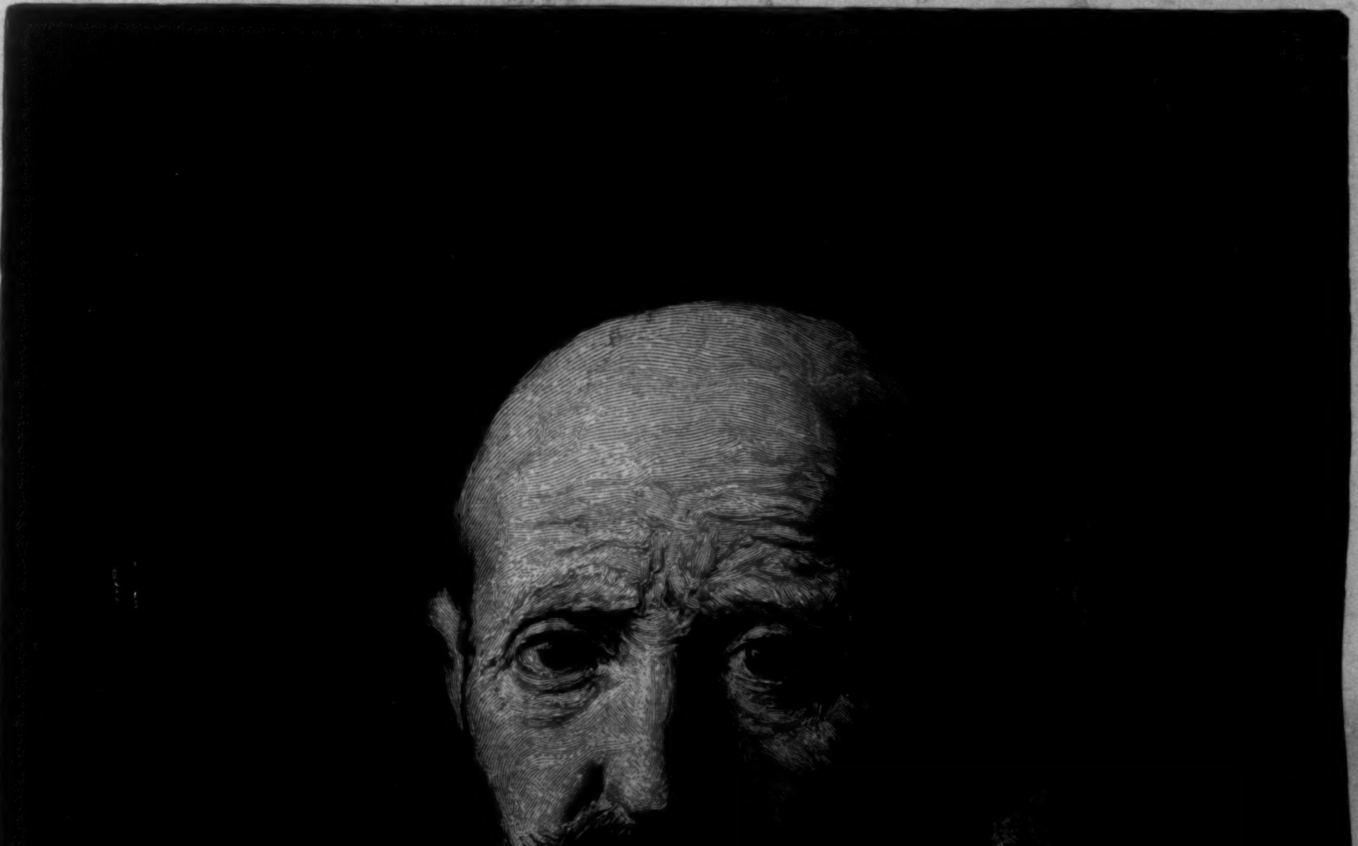

REMBRANDT'S FATHER.
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THE CURRENCY MESSAGE.

After much hesitation, and after many announcements, Mr. McKinley's currency message was sent to Congress on the day of its adjournment. The House of Representatives, which is Mr. Reed, at once passed the resolution providing for a commission, but the Senate treated the message with scant courtesy, adjourning without considering it, although the President had expressed the opinion that "this subject should receive the attention of Congress at its special session."

The message itself declared that as a bill providing for sufficient revenue had been passed by the House and Senate and awaited the signature of the President, the second question "of very great importance"—"the establishment of our currency and banking business on a better basis"—ought to be considered, and non-partisan commissioners appointed, whose duty it should be to study the subject, and "to make recommendations of whatever changes in our present banking and currency laws may be found necessary and expedient, and to report their conclusions on or before the first day of November next, in order that the same may be transmitted by me to Congress for its consideration at its first regular session."

We regret to say that there was an air of insincerity in all this—in the indifference displayed by Republican Senators as well as in the message itself—that excuses the belief which is entertained that the message was intended simply to encourage the country to hope that something was about to be done for the settlement of the currency and banking problems. It was perfectly clear, as soon as the message was read, that the Republican Senators had no intention of passing a measure authorizing the appointment of the commission which the President recommended. In reply to the arguments, questions, and gibes of Mr. Lindsay, who wanted action; of Mr. Allen, who professed to want to consider the question; of Mr. Teller, who evidently wanted to make mischief; and of Mr. Bacon, who insisted that the Republicans should take the responsibility of refusing to act on the suggestion made by the President, Mr. Aldrich cynically said that the Republicans were ready to accept the responsibility, while Mr. Hoar professed the belief that "no man in the United States expected action on the currency question at this session."

"Not even the President?" Mr. Teller asked. "The President said nothing about it in his message to Congress," Mr. Hoar replied. Whereupon Mr. Teller solemnly read to him the sentence which we have already quoted, to the effect that Congress ought to consider the subject at its special session. Mr. Teller might have added that if the President had not expected action at this session, his recommendation that the commission might be appointed at once, in order that it might make its report "on or before the first of November," was nothing more nor less than an unseemly jest. Mr. Hoar had evidently not listened attentively to the reading of the message, and if he were talking from any knowledge at all it must have been the knowledge that the President had not supposed that the message would be taken seriously by the Senate. Besides, it is patent that no Republican Senator desired or expected action, and it is at least improbable that the President was ignorant of this attitude towards his project. He has been in constant communication with the Republican leaders of both Houses of Congress, if the newspaper reports are entitled to any credit whatever, and he must have known that his commission would not be authorized. The passage of the resolution by the House of Representatives was therefore a farce, for its failure in the Senate makes any commission, or any auxiliary and advisory body, an impracticable device, because a commission appointed next winter will be useless, if any measure of currency or banking reform is to be adopted by the present Congress; and we are inclined to think that if any reform is to be effected during Mr. McKinley's term of office, it must be effected by the present Congress.

In view of the feeble and evidently hopeless manner in which Mr. McKinley has sought to obtain the consent of Congress to his method of beginning the necessary task of currency reform, the friends of sound money cannot refrain from indulging in regretful reminiscences recalling the frank and courageous energy with which Mr. Cleveland demanded and compelled the repeal of the purchasing clause of the Sherman act. It is evident from this message that the President has learned very little of the money question. He says, "The soundness of our currency is nowhere questioned." This is of a piece with observations made by him to delegations who visited him at Canton during the Presidential campaign, and, coupled with his failure to meet the expectation of his most intelligent supporters by making the money question instead of the tariff the subject of first importance, leads inevitably to the conclusion that he does not fully comprehend the necessity of currency reform. The truth is that the soundness of our currency is seriously questioned, and that it is of the utmost importance that the doubt upon it should be removed by law. Whether this object can be accomplished by the present Congress is doubtful, on account of the character of the Senate, and the doubt is strengthened by the fact that the tariff bill finally passed the Senate because two silver Senators voted for it and seven abstained from voting. This is an ominous fact; and yet, in view of the present feeling of the country towards the Republican party, more in the way of currency reform is to be expected from this Congress than can be hoped for from its successor. At any rate, the attempt to reform our money system ought to be made, although now it must be made without the benefit of the study and conclusions of a commission of experts. Moreover, it must be made without the stimulating influence of a President alive to the demands of the true interests of the country, or fully conscious of the need of reform. It is to be hoped, however, that the Secretary of the Treasury will be able to make up for the deficiency in knowledge and earnestness that exists at the White House.

Our currency is sound for the moment because men pledged to the gold standard have control of it. It is not sound as a system, because an administration pledged to the free coinage of silver could force the country to a silver basis under laws now on the statute-books. Mr. Cleveland maintained the gold standard by increasing the public debt. Under like circumstances, by refusing to borrow money, Mr. McKinley might send gold to a premium, and range the United States with Mexico and China as a silver country. In view of such a state of facts it is folly to talk of our currency as sound.

Mr. McKinley will probably make the money question the principal subject of his message to Congress next December. He cannot then recommend a commission. He has lost that opportunity, and he has lost it by his own fault. He must recommend a measure, and it is to be hoped that, whatever that measure may be, he will urge its adoption with more zeal and courage than he has yet shown in dealing with this subject.

THE SPEAKER'S POWER.

We have said, in the leading article of this issue, that Mr. Reed is the House of Representatives. The power that he wields was never better shown than during the session which came to an end on the 24th of July. During that session the House did what the Speaker commanded, and refrained from doing what he forbade. The tariff bill was passed after a perfunctory and unilluminating debate. The House was then ordered to do no business, and it obeyed. On the last day of the session, in a few minutes, a resolution was passed authorizing the President to appoint a currency commission. There was never seen in this country and in Federal politics such an exhibition of individual power as the present Speaker is exercising. Croker used to exercise such power in Tammany Hall. Platt exercises such power over the Republicans of New York. Mr. Reed's dominance is that of the "boss" manifested in the hall of the House of Representatives as Croker and Platt have manifested it in the primaries and conventions and in the government of the State of New York. There is no longer any real deliberation or any real debate in the House of Representatives. Some speeches are made there—for the Speaker permits a little oratory, in order that his followers may maintain the semblance of self-respect—but the fate of important bills is generally settled in the Speaker's room when the order for their consideration is drawn.

Perhaps this present tyranny of the Speaker and this suppression of the House of Representatives is not wholly an evil, galling as it must be to some of the members to submit entirely to Mr. Reed's will. Before Mr. Reed applied his crude and masterful methods to legislative proceedings the House was practically at the mercy of the minority, and when the minority wished, it could absolutely prevent the transaction of business. Reform was undoubtedly needed, and Mr. Reed's absolutism will probably lead to the adoption of rational methods, which he is apparently incapable of devising or even appreciating, for he is not an adept in parliamentary law.

Change must come sooner or later, for the present position of the Speaker is intolerable in a democratic government. The House should be able to transact business, but it should reach conclusions only after deliberation. Mr. Reed has destroyed deliberation, which is the most important function of the legislative body; for it is better to deliberate and reach no conclusion than to obey implicitly the Speaker or any other individual. Mr. Reed passes whatever bills he desires, and defeats whatever measures he opposes. This state of things not only makes the House of Representatives ludicrous, but is an ever-present threat of wholesale corruption and of wild and extravagant legislation. Suppose, for example, that a scoundrel or a fool sat in the chair and possessed the power which Mr. Reed wields!

THE KAISER'S DEFEAT.

In the course of his brief and tumultuous career, the defeat which the Kaiser has felt most keenly is doubtless that which has befallen, in the Prussian Diet, his bill to limit the right of public meetings. He cannot be very happy about his foreign affairs. A man whose chief joy in life is to impose his will upon other people must be in a rage over such a signal failure as Germany has met with at Constantinople. After cheerfully admitting at the outset that Germany had less interest than any of the powers in the Eastern question, he set out to manage that question quite in his own way. He desired to blockade the Greek ports and to bombard the Piræus. He insisted that the Turk's depredations upon Greece should be limited only by the Turk's sense of moderation and propriety. In each case he yielded with an extremely bad grace. Upon the latest question he had, at last accounts, scarcely yielded yet, but was encouraging the Sultan to stand out for the payment or guarantee of the indemnity before evacuating Thessaly.

These disappointments cannot have benefited his temper. But the effect of them cannot have been anything like as infuriating to him as the rejection of this bill, which internal evidence indicates to have been his personal handiwork. It was the most reactionary measure to which he has committed himself and his unfortunate ministers. His object is to restore the Prussian monarchy to the place which it occupied under Frederick the Great, in point of absolutism, and to reduce all Germany to the same kind of subjection to which Frederick reduced "the Mark of Brandenburg." It is undoubtedly a great grief to him that his power is not so unchallenged as that of his "great and good friend," the Czar. He entirely overlooks that the Czar is a successful anachronism only because the Russian people are a "survival," and that it would be necessary to degrade the German people in order to exalt their Kaiser to the pitch of his own romantic notion of what a Kaiser ought to be. He has not followed the ancestral pattern very intelligently. If he had he would have remembered that Frederick the Great tolerated libels upon himself with perfect equanimity, and that it was he who said, "My people and I have struck a bargain: they say what they like, and I do what I like." Perhaps his successor might get more of his own way if he adopted a similar policy. But that was the policy of a strong man, and the Kaiser's procedures are those of one weak and hysterical. The prosecutions of the last year or two for the offence of *lèse-majesté*, which he has revived, are doubtless more numerous than those of his grandfather's whole reign, and they exhibit him as living in a state of singularly suspicious curiosity which is altogether silly and contemptible. "I believe they talked of me, for they laughed consumedly."

The bill authorizing the prevention of public meetings at which the government might be opposed or criticised seems to proceed from the same diseased vanity which prompted the prosecutions for *lèse-majesté*, rather than from any real public policy. Whatever was its motive, the Kaiser made no secret of his personal interest in it, and set all the generals and colonels whom he has ordered to become parliamentary orators and constitutional statesmen at work in its behalf. He depended, apparently, upon Prussia to set a good example of "loyalty" to the other states of the empire, and certainly the prospect of getting such a measure through the Prussian Diet seemed fairer than that of getting it through the German Reichstag. Yet he has been beaten, and, as he will be sure to put it, flouted and defied on his own ground and by his own immediate subjects. What makes the defeat harder to bear is that there is not in the Prussian legislature a single deputy elected as a Socialist.

The whole business is scarcely conceivable "in a land," as Mr. GLADSTONE puts it, "where freedom is indigenous, familiar, and full-grown." That the Kaiser's defeat should be hailed with special satisfaction in England was to be expected, so thoroughly has he succeeded in getting himself disliked there. What probably touches him more nearly is that this "Prussian mutiny" will hearten up the Würtembergers and the Bavarians and the Saxons, whose jealousy of Prussia, very nearly eliminated, as a factor, from imperial affairs under BISMARCK and the old Emperor, he has managed to revive and foment into a hostile and formidable force in German politics.

THE "WEEKLY" AT THE KLONDIKE.

No recent event has excited such intense and wide-spread interest as the discoveries of gold on the Klondike. We learn from our correspondents in the States of California and Washington that the enthusiasm manifested along the Pacific coast has been equalled only by that which, nearly fifty years ago, filled the gold-mines of California with eager multitudes from all parts of the world.

The illustrated articles that appear in this issue of the WEEKLY give an account of the accidental finding of vast treasures of gold on the little river which runs into the Yukon. The illustrations that accompany them are among the first that have reached the East from the new gold fields. Other illustrations and other articles presenting the experiences of miners in the Klondike region are on their way, but so important is the subject, and so interesting is the promise of what is likely to occur during the coming winter, that the WEEKLY has sent into this region a special correspondent, who will furnish it exclusively with articles and pictures setting forth the life of the mines, the difficulties of the route to them, and the real value of the discovery. It will be a long time before the readers of the WEEKLY will be able to hear from our correspondent, but when his material reaches them we are sure that it will be of the most valuable and interesting character.

JAPAN AND HAWAII.

MINISTER HOSHI, acting under instructions from his government, has addressed another able communication to Secretary SHERMAN on the subject of the proposed annexation of Hawaii to this country, and its included threat to the interests of the Japanese subjects who are in the islands.

If it were for the advantage of the United States to annex Hawaii, as it most assuredly is not, we should be prepared to proceed to the completion of the pending treaty whether Japan liked it or not. But we should also be fair and honorable in our dealings with the imperial government, as well as ready for war. We should be prepared to define the rights and privileges which Japanese subjects in the islands should enjoy under the government of the United States, and to protect San Francisco with battle-ships. The Japanese government has a right to complain of bad treatment at our hands, and we should right the wrong that has already been done, whether through a broken promise or a misunderstanding. If, after that, there be trouble and we insist on taking Hawaii, we should have armor plate enough for our three ships now in process of construction. If there is to be a serious international quarrel on this subject, the side of this country should not be tainted with even the appearance of bad faith, nor should the Pacific coast be at the mercy of Japanese gunboats. Some assurance should be given to the Japanese government that will eliminate from the unpleasant situation the slight chance of a war in the Pacific, for which Congress has refused to prepare.

Moreover, assuming that we are to proceed further in this annexation folly; that we are to change the historic policy of the republic, we would better not invite too much trouble. We have the best of reasons for believing that at present Japan has no expectation of going to war with us on this issue, but if we are really to become a power in the Pacific we ought not to cultivate enmities in that quarter of the globe, or else we ought to make ready to meet the consequences. As we are not prepared to fight, the sooner the administration considers the subject and makes it up with Japan the better. The difficulty, such as it is, should be amicably settled before the meeting of Congress in December, for it is not compatible with our true interests that a delicate international situation should be at the mercy of the light-hearted gentry who so recently aided to their utmost to embroil us with several countries, and then declined to grant the means with which to defend ourselves.

On the whole, doubtless, the best way out of our trouble with Japan would be to consult our own interest and drop Hawaii.

OBSTACLES TO CURRENCY REFORM.

THE main obstacle in the way of an effective currency reform is the cowardice of the politicians.

There is hardly any authority on financial science outside of political circles that does not insist upon the withdrawal of our government paper money, or at least upon a gradual diminution of it, as a prerequisite of the establishment of a currency system which is to furnish a trustworthy guarantee of the maintenance of the gold standard, and thus to insure the confidence of the business community. Various plans are now and then proposed by such authorities which are designed to accomplish this object in a circuitous way and call it by different names, while, as to the greenbacks, substantially aiming at the same thing. The accumulation of silver in the Treasury, the dangers threatened by the free-silver movement, and the alarms we have already experienced, have in this respect created necessities which otherwise might not exist, at least not in the same imperative form.

On the other hand, there are multitudes of men in active politics who, while honestly wishing to maintain the gold standard, and while painfully sensible of the perils caused in the past by the pouring of greenbacks into the Treasury for redemption in gold, as well as of the possibility of the recurrence in the future of such perils in times of business distrust, still nervously recoil from any remedy of which anything looking to the direct or indirect retirement of the government paper money or the substitution of bank-notes for Treasury paper forms part.

Why is this? Because there is an apprehension prevalent among the politicians that the people are fond of the greenbacks; that they see in the retirement of the government paper money a substitution of an interest-bearing for a non-interest-bearing debt, and thus an increase of the public burden; that they dislike the banks, anyhow; and that they abhor anything that looks like contraction. And because they believe the people to entertain such notions, politicians, especially members of Congress, in most instances anxiously accommodate themselves to the popular prejudice or even foster it, lest they lose their popularity and their chances of preferment, or lest their party be weakened in popular favor.

It is this timidity in the assertion of personal convictions running against strong adverse opinions, this craven cowering before prejudices thought to be popular, this pusillanimous selfishness which will rather compromise with error than run a risk in fighting for the truth, that makes so many leading politicians of the ruling party shrink from looking the currency question manfully in the face, and put off the day for taking hold of it as if it were a surgical operation involving, as to themselves, a question of life or death. It is this moral poltroonery that inspires—of course not all—but very many of the arguments advanced by sound-money Republicans in favor of maintaining the greenback circulation in any event—arguments sometimes so piteously illogical that they can be explained only on the hypothesis of nervous agitation.

That a good many "people" do entertain a certain traditional fondness for the greenbacks, or do dislike banks, or do fear contraction, or do disapprove of the retirement of the government paper money on the ground that it would mean the substitution of an interest-bearing for a non-interest-bearing debt, is unquestionably true. But are these notions stronger or more popular than was during the first years after the civil war the notion that the government bonds should be paid off in depreciated greenbacks? Are they stronger or more popular than was during the early seventies the notion that the people could be made rich by multiplying the issues of irredeemable paper money, that the resumption of specie payments meant contraction of the currency, that this contraction by way of resuming specie payments would ruin the debtor class, and that it must therefore be prevented at any cost?

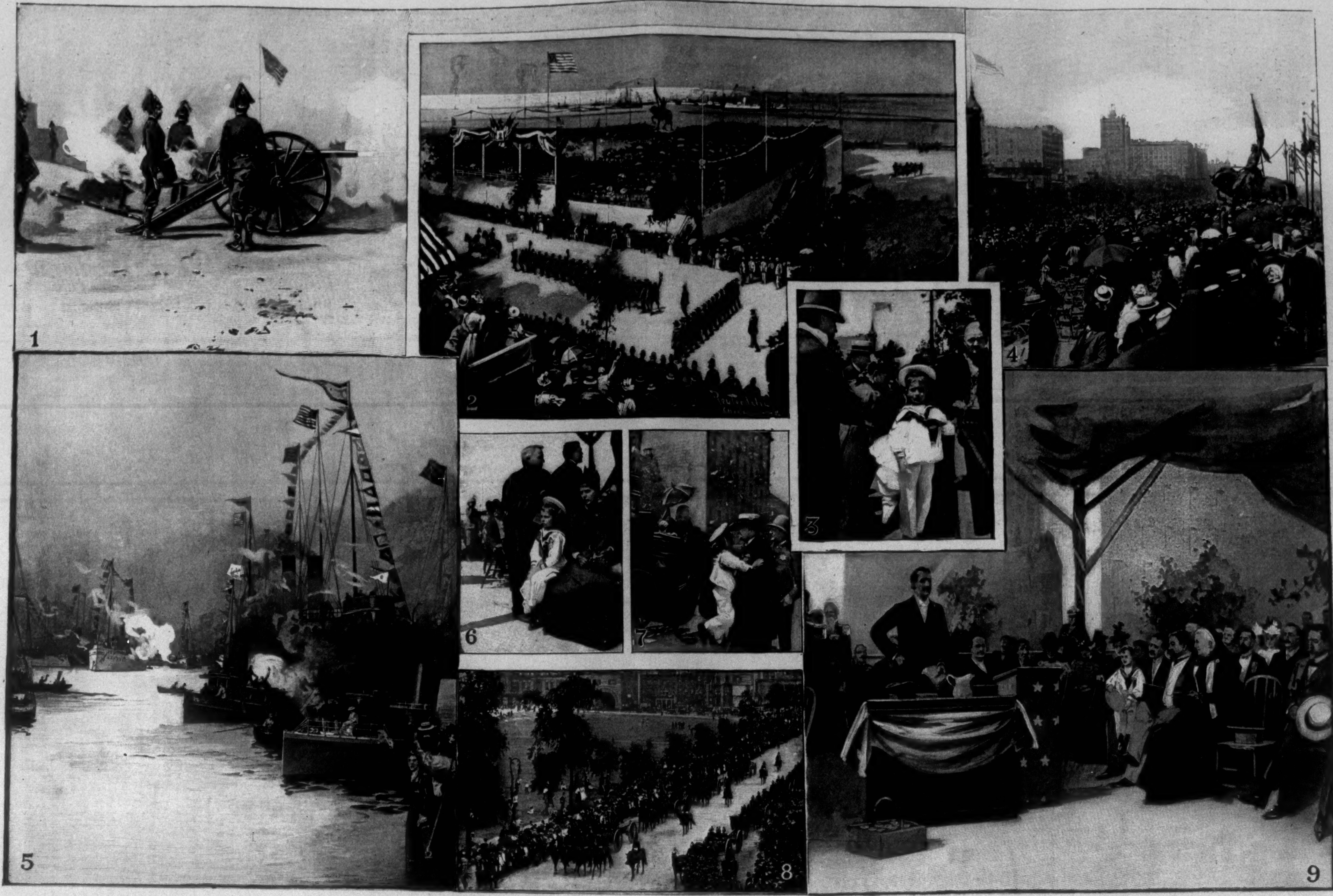
It is well remembered that a very large number of the politicians of both parties, and among them men of very prominent standing, fell in with the demand for the paying off of the national bonds in depreciated greenbacks for no other reason than that they were afraid to confront what they believed to be a powerful current of popular sentiment, which it would be dangerous to resist. And it was a pitiable spectacle to see such public men invent all sorts of specious arguments to justify that kind of repudiation. It is also remembered that wherever that repudiation scheme was boldly put in the true light before the people, the people were found to be far more honest and wise than the pusillanimous politicians had believed them to be, and that the supposed irresistible current of popular sentiment for the payment of the bonds with depreciated paper money dissolved like a mist in the sunlight; whereupon most of the public men who had been weak enough to advocate it against their true convictions grew heartily ashamed of what they had done and devoutly wished to have it forgotten. It is likewise remembered that when the time for the resumption of specie payments had come, ever so many politicians of both parties, and again many in high public place, vociferously protested against it on the ground that the people fondly clung to the blood-stained irredeemable greenback, that they were fiercely opposed to any sort of contraction, and believed the resumption of specie payments to be the most oppressive kind of contraction. Again those politicians devised all sorts of artful pleas and indulged in high-sounding figures of speech in aid of what they believed to be an overwhelming current of popular opinion; and again, when more courageous men frankly advocated sound financial principles before the people, the people turned out to be far more intelligent and far more desirous of doing right than the politicians had given them credit for. Again the people put the politicians to shame.

Has not the free silver coinage movement taught us the same lesson? Who can doubt now that the silver craze would never have appeared so formidable had not the politicians, and among them influential party leaders, who ought to have known better and many of whom did know better, tried to propitiate what they believed to be an overwhelming popular sentiment by "doing something for silver," thus creating the impression that they believed the silver men to be substantially right? Did they not thus greatly strengthen the silver craze? Would not that craze have been confined to narrow limits from the beginning if the politicians who knew better had at once confronted it with sound arguments and straightforward appeals to the good sense and the honest instincts of the masses? And were not such arguments and such appeals crowned with success as soon as they were vigorously tried, in spite of the awkward fact that most of those who at last made them had to eat their own words in doing so?

What reason, then, is there for fearing that an open, bold, and energetic advocacy of a sound currency reform before the people would be less successful? Can it not be conclusively shown by facts and figures that the legal-tender notes, such as they are, have cost the people infinitely more by the commotions, and uncertainties, and distrusts, and disasters their relation to the Treasury has caused, than the interest on the same amount of bonds would have cost; that they have thus proved an immensely expensive sort of currency; that contraction is not hurtful but beneficial when it consists in the retirement of redundant currency not needed by the business of the country; that the banks are, in our economic organism, not only a useful but an indispensable agency of exchange; and that by a well-devised system of government regulation and supervision bank currency can be made and kept quite as safe as greenbacks, and far more elastic, that is, far more responsive to the needs of business? If members of Congress, instead of timidly taking it for granted that the people will never consent to any currency reform involving the withdrawal or curtailment of the greenback circulation or an enlargement of the facilities of the banks, would manfully go among their constituents, candidly explaining and arguing the utility of such measures, and sturdily fighting adverse prejudices, they would in most cases soon find that the people are as sensible and upright with regard to this matter as they have proved to be with regard to the maintenance of the national honor in the payment of government bonds, the resumption of specie payments, and the repulse of the silver craze. Thus the terrifying bugaboo would disappear, and the main obstacle to a sound currency reform would disappear with it.

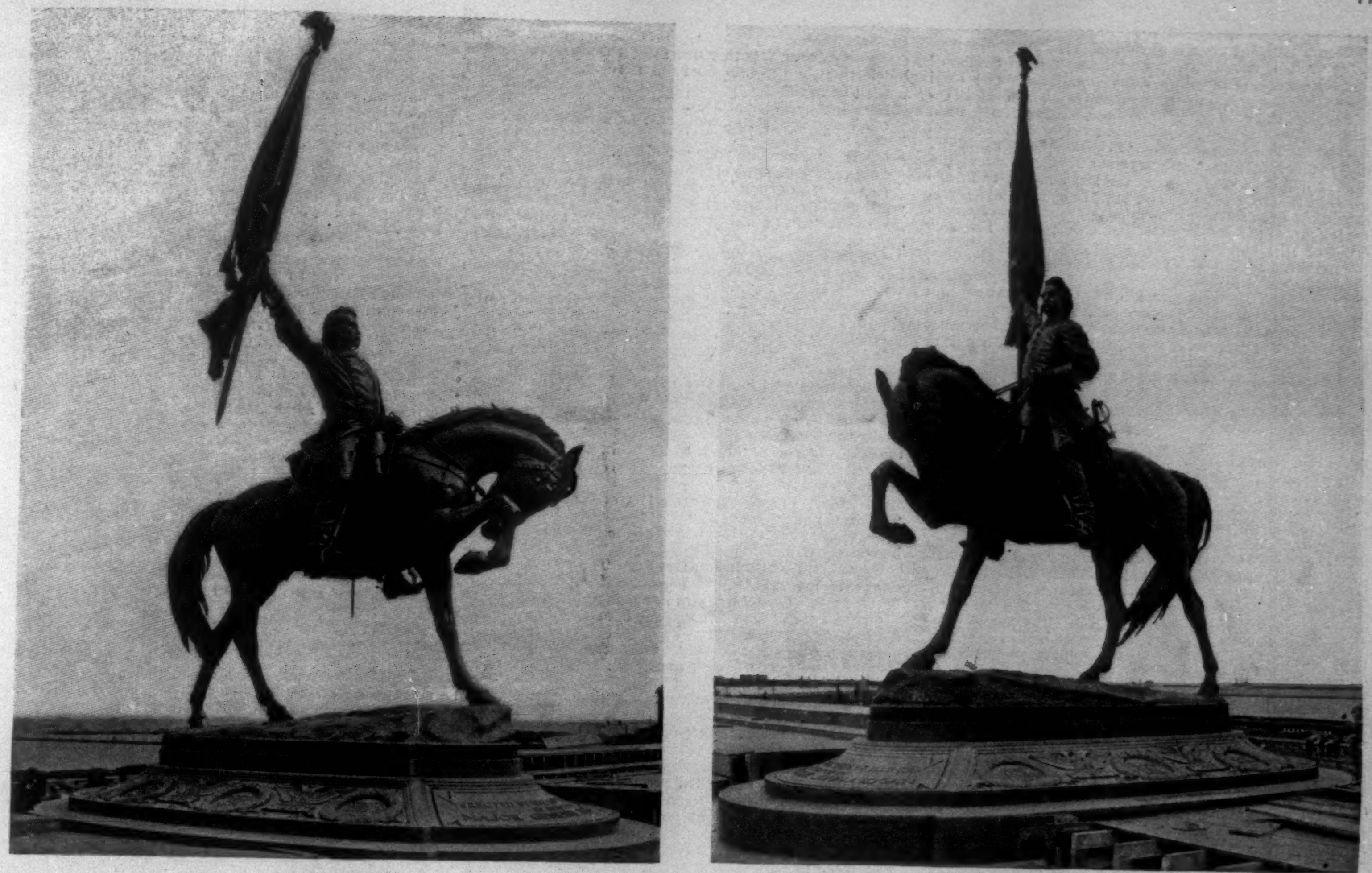
What is needed in this instance, as in many others, is a leadership that does not with nervous trepidation bend to every breeze, and obsequiously run alongside of every current of erroneous opinion showing any signs of strength, but a leadership that leads, a leadership that has faith in the intelligence and virtue of the people, and courage to appeal to them.

CARL SCHURZ.

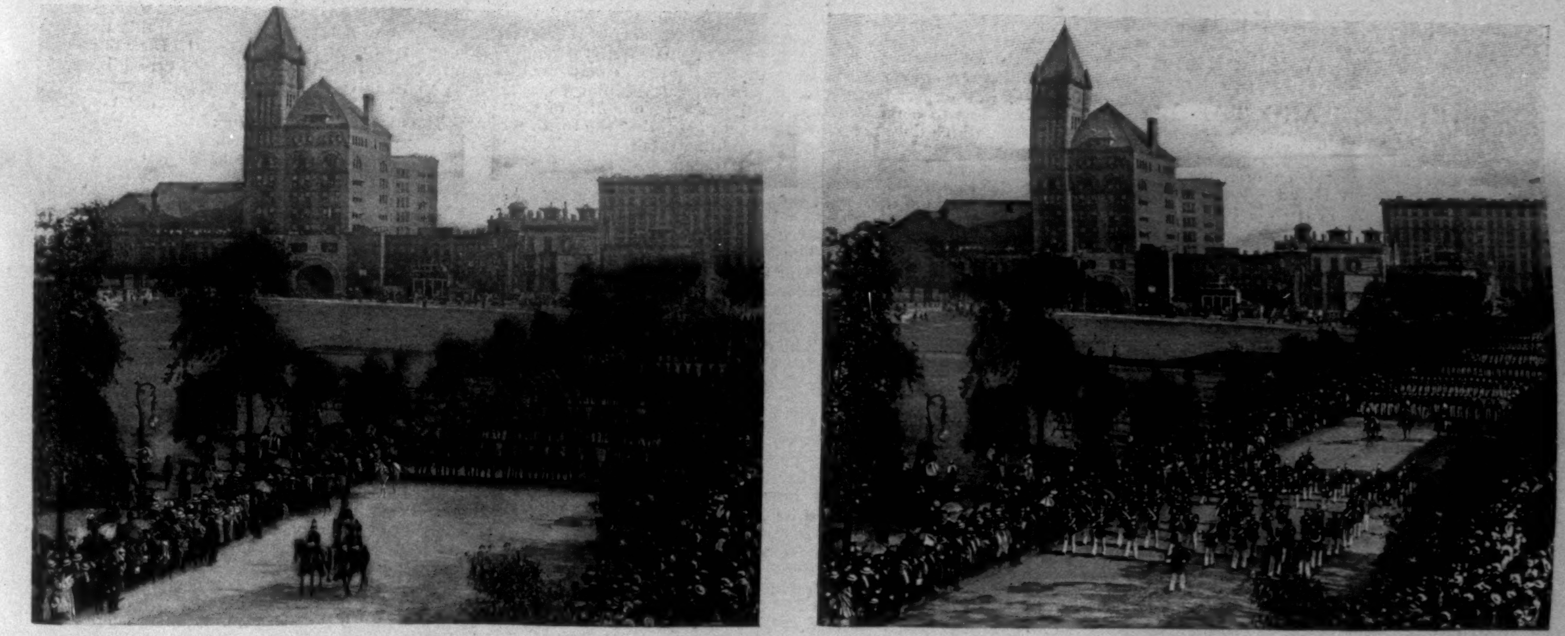


THE DEDICATION OF THE MONUMENT TO GENERAL JOHN A. LOGAN, LAKE FRONT PARK, CHICAGO, JULY 22.—Drawn by H. Reuterdahl, and from Photographs.

1. United States Artillery firing Salute at the Unveiling. 2. The Thirty-first Illinois, Logan's old Regiment, passing the Reviewing-Stand. 3. "Jack III.," Grandson of General Logan, who pulled the Cord that unveiled the Statue. 4. Shortly after the Unveiling. 5. The Naval Parade on the Lake. 6. On the Grand Stand. 7. Arrival of Mrs. Logan and Party. 8. United States Artillery. 9. Governor Tanner delivering his Speech of Acceptance.



THE EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF GENERAL JOHN A. LOGAN.—AUGUSTUS ST.-GAUDENS, SCULPTOR.



UNITED STATES CAVALRY.

ILLINOIS NATIONAL GUARD.

THE DEDICATION OF THE MONUMENT TO GENERAL JOHN A. LOGAN, LAKE FRONT PARK, CHICAGO, JULY 22.

THE DEDICATION OF THE LOGAN MONUMENT IN CHICAGO.

THIS has been an eventful summer for the bronze population of the Chicago parks. A few weeks ago the bust of Beethoven, presented to the city by Mr. Carl Wolfsohn, was unveiled with appropriate ceremonies in Lincoln Park. Still more recently the colossal figure of Christopher Columbus, which, with mincing air and mildly deprecatory gesture, has been confronting a startled public since the year of the World's Fair, was deposed from its pedestal upon the Lake Front Park, and ignominiously carted away, "darkly, at dead of night," to reflect gloomily upon the pride of the past and the melting-pot of the future. And now, erected upon a site a little to the south of that upon which Columbus so lately stood, the superb equestrian statue of the late General Logan, dedicated to the public on the 22d of July, challenges the attention and compels the admiration of all on-lookers.

Almost immediately after the death of the great volunteer soldier a committee was formed for the purpose of providing a suitable monument to his memory. An act of the Illinois Legislature was obtained, appropriating $50,000 for this purpose, and about half as much more was raised by private subscription. The committee were well-advised in engaging the services of Mr. Augustus St.-Gaudens for the work, and in leaving him free to devote to it as long a time as he should find necessary. As the result of this wise procedure, the eminent artist has given no less than ten years to the formulation and working out of his conception of what such a monument should be, and has produced a masterpiece of sculpture that must rank among the very highest of his own achievements, and may fairly be classed with the great equestrian figures of the past—with Falconet's famous statue of Peter the Great in the Russian capital, with Schlüter's impressive statue of the *Kurfürst* in Berlin, even with Verocchio's magnificent statue of Colleoni that has so long stood before the church of San "Zanipolo" in Venice.

The illustrations that accompany this article must be left to speak for the statue in detail, but a few words may be said of the occasion in Logan's life which it represents. The date of the dedication was the thirty-third anniversary of the day upon which, to quote from the oration of Mr. George R. Peck, "John A. Logan was born to immortality." On the 22d of July, 1864, at the battle of Atlanta, when the death of McPherson had left the Army of the Tennessee almost panic-stricken, Logan sprang into the breach, seized the colors, rallied the wavering columns, and led them on to victory. This was the greatest moment of his life, and it is the spirit and the passion of this moment that Mr. St.-Gaudens has sought to perpetuate. Resolution, courage, a daring almost reckless, all the characteristics that should be united in a martial figure of the finest type in the hour of supreme opportunity—these are the ideas that the sculptor has embodied in enduring bronze. The subject was a difficult one, made particularly so by the standard which the soldier holds aloft, but the mastery of his material is so triumphant that the art of the sculptor is concealed; the problems that beset him do not appear to the observer, and the dominant impression is that of life, intense, rich, and unconstrained.

The site, too, of the monument is well calculated to enhance its effectiveness. Facing Michigan Avenue Boulevard, it is in full view, for nearly a mile, of that thoroughfare, while it has the Lake Front Park and Lake Michigan for a background. The colossal figure stands upon a granite pedestal, which is itself supported by an artificial mound. The park in which it stands is just at present, like many other parts of the city, "in the making," and it takes a certain power of constructive imagination fully to realize how it will look in a year or two. The breakwater, which now runs north and south at a distance of several hundred feet from the shore, will before very long be the eastern boundary of the park, for the intervening space will be filled in and sodded. The railway tracks, now an unsightly streak in the landscape, will run below the level of the new-made land, and the depression which they occupy will be spanned by ornamental viaducts. When this work shall have been completed, Chicago will have a mile or so of as fine a water-front as any city may boast, while the sky-line will be broken by other monuments and buildings. The Art Institute is already there, and the Field Columbian Museum will probably be transferred to a new home on the Lake Front before many years.

The dedication of the Logan monument was made a gala occasion by the city authorities and the committees of arrangement. A public holiday was declared, and the streets presented a very festive appearance. In the display of decorations, the crowds of on-lookers, and the interminable procession the great sound-money demonstration of last October was in many ways suggested. The local lines of transportation were taxed to their utmost capacity, and the streets of the business section were packed with people—happily not perspiring very much, for a cool lake breeze tempered the ardor of the midsummer sun. Of distinguished guests there were not a few. President McKinley had been compelled at the last moment to forego his intention of being present, but his cabinet was represented, as were the administrations of a number of neighboring States in the persons of their Governors. The Governor of Illinois was the only distinctly unhappy man in the parade. He has allied himself so unmistakably with the corrupt and degrading elements of political life that even the decorum of an occasion like this did not restrain the public from an exhibition of its contempt. While others were cheered, he was jeered, and the hisses that greeted his appearance in the ranks were not of a nature to contribute to his self-satisfaction.

The military bodies that made up the greater part of the procession numbered nearly twenty thousand men, and included about one-fourth of the standing army of the United States. The encampment of these regulars in Washington Park presented a very picturesque appearance, and recalled the exciting days of 1894, when the troops were summoned by President Cleveland to enforce the law of the nation against the rioters. Probably the most interesting feature of the procession was provided by the presence of some hundred and fifty of the veterans of Logan's own regiment. The men who had followed their leader to victory at Atlanta were the ones to whom the statue made its most direct and genuine appeal, and it was with no perfunctory emotion that they looked upon the features of their general when his little grandson pulled aside the flags in which the monument had been draped. The Confederate army was also represented by a small contingent of veterans, mindful of the fact that it was largely through Logan's influence that a monument to Southern heroism stands to-day in one of the cemeteries of Chicago. Finally, a word should be said of the array of yachts and steamers that was lined up on the water side of the park, and that added not a little to the effectiveness of the demonstration.

The day, as a whole, witnessed a fine outburst of the patriotic consciousness, and gave unmistakable evidence that the spirit still lives which preserved the Union a generation ago. The central figure of the ceremonies was Logan the soldier, and whatever one may think of the politician that he was before and after the war, there is no doubt that as a soldier he displayed the qualities that command the admiration of the masses in all ages. To the soldier, then, this tribute was paid; and not alone to the individual singled out for apotheosis, but to the idea for which he stood—to the spirit of patriotic devotion which impelled thousands of others like him to offer their services to the cause of their country.

William Morton Payne.

THE HEIGHTS AND THE DEEPS.

This is the summit, wild and lone.
Westward the Cumbrian Mountains stand.
Let us look eastward, on mine own
Ancestral land.

O sing me songs, O tell me tales,
Of yonder valleys at my feet!
She was a daughter of these dales,
A daughter sweet.

Oft did she speak of homesteads there,
And faces that her childhood knew.
She speaks no more; and scarce I dare
To deem it true,

That somehow she can still behold
Sunlight and moonlight, earth and sea,
Which were among the gifts untold
She gave to me.

William Watson.

FOREIGN NOTES.

FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW.

Berlin, *July 10, 1897.*

The average German, and particularly the German official, regards American public life as very corrupt, and marvels that we can make material progress under such conditions. We are always ready to admire the thoroughness of German governmental work, but there is a sermon that might be preached from a few such texts as the following:

Yesterday I was sailing my little Yankee canoe *Caribee* up the Havel, towards the home of Queen Luise. The wind was dead aft, and I was indulging in day-dreams about the "meet" of the American Canoe Association, when a lock barred our way. A big sailing-barge happened to be going through, so we slipped in under her counter, emerging on the other side. I was requested to pay fifteen pfennigs, or three cents, to the men who had worked the lock. This I did cheerfully, and was about pushing off, when these told me I must go and announce myself to the "Schleusenmeister," Lock Superintendent, who lived some distance from the water, and was too great a man to come down and meet the passing craft. I objected to leaving my little daughter alone in the canoe, and offered the man a tip to go and call the official down and hurry me off. But the well-drilled lock-men looked aghast at my temerity, and said that such a proceeding was unheard of, and therefore impossible. So I put on shoes and coat, made *Caribee* fast, and walked away to the official's house, where I rapped at the door, but received no answer. So I rapped again, and receiving no answer, I opened uninvited. There sat a portentous elderly gentleman in uniform, with a cap on his head. He roared to me that it was unnecessary to rap before entering. I roared back that I was a stranger, unfamiliar with the customs of the country. He was a kindly man, but had been trained in the barrack-room to roar instead of to speak like a civilized man.

His room was furnished with printed placards all over the walls, each placard forbidding some one from doing something. On the table was a pile of tracts by the famous ex-court chaplain Stoecker, better known as an anti-Semite than as a missionary amongst the water-side population. I begged permission to take one, and he roared assent. The tract preached about meekness and love to one's neighbor. Whether these tracts were meant for the officials or for the bargees I did not ask. The officials needed them most.

Here is the conversation, as I recall it:

Caribee. "I beg to announce that I have a pleasure-boat here."

Official. "Show me your certificate."

Caribee. "I have no certificate."

Official. "Yes, you have. You must have one, I tell you—you could not pass Spandau lock without one."

Caribee. "But I did pass that lock—carried my boat around."

Official (looking severe). "That was contrary to regulations. I must make you out a new certificate, and you will have to pay for it."

Caribee. "But if I did not pay at the last lock, why should I pay here?"

Official. "It is ¶ 17, chapter 97, section 45," etc. (the rest I forget). He pulls down a big book, and commences thumbing it.

Caribee. "Don't look any more. I would rather pay the fine than waste time, for the wind is favorable."

The official then gets two printed forms, with much space to be filled in. He enters my name as master of the ship, then asks, "How many in the crew?"

Caribee. "I have no crew, only a little daughter of twelve."

He enters the daughter as "crew," and then says, "What is your tonnage?"

Caribee. "There is no tonnage; the boat doesn't weigh but eighty pounds."

Official. "But I tell you there must be tonnage! The official report calls for tonnage, and I can only tax you by tonnage. I shall put you down as five tons!"

Caribee. "But that is not true; *Caribee* does not weigh five tons."

Official. "I can't help that. Officially there is no barge less than five tons, and you must pass as five tons or not at all."

Caribee. "Very well, then; rather than go to jail, I'll call it five tons."

I thought this was letting me in for a heavy fine, but of course I had no option but to obey the law. The lock-master wrote slowly. I signed my full name in duplicate; so did he. Then he pulled out a big official seal and stamped both the papers—one, he said, was for the government, and one I might retain as my receipt for the amount I was about to pay for this official document.

I tried to look at ease, but held on to the office desk with some perturbation of spirit, for I had brought only a small amount of silver with me. I held my breath as he solemnly pronounced the amount I was to pay:

"One pfennig—one-fifth of a cent!"

And so for this does the Prussian government pay the salary of a gorgeously uniformed lock-master, and for this does the poor bargee have to waste precious hours while his cargo is arrested in transit. For me it was amusing—a new experience in a holiday tour. But think of what it means to commerce that for the sake of one-fifth of a cent, which does not cover the cost of printing the form, a canal-boat is forced to tie up, and its captain compelled to kotou to an official who is worse than useless, for he impedes trade! This makes me think that government can at times be too thorough.

Some day my canoe may be rated at five tons on the strength of this certificate—hence this explanation.

One Monday morning I paddled up to a water-side inn on the Havel between Berlin and Potsdam. I found the landlady in tears, and she confided the following to me.

Her nephew had come out from Berlin Sunday morning to spend the day with them, and he had started with a beautiful fat goose, which he carried in a basket. He was a Berlin lad, had never been in Potsdam, and knew nothing of its feudal laws, which to-day persist in taxing food-supply.

However, he reached the Potsdam station safely, and also passed all the way across the town on his way to the inn, which lay a mile or so beyond. But as he was passing the town gate, an official with a sword at his side called on him to halt and show what he had in his basket. The lad obeyed, and said he had a goose, which he had bought in Berlin, and was taking to his aunt, who lived outside of Potsdam. The official arrested the lad, locked him in prison, kept him there all night, and released him on the following morning with no satisfaction at all. The police even charged the boy for an alleged meal which never had been consumed.

The boy had given the address of his parents in Berlin, and that of his aunt, within two miles of Potsdam. He was a well-dressed, decent lad, and absolutely innocent, for he had brought the goose from Berlin, and was obviously taking it away from Potsdam. Yet, in the most brutal manner, this lad was locked up, without any opportunity of communicating with his people, and the goose was confiscated.

That lad will vote the Socialist ticket at the next election.

So much for a customs official and a canal lock-master. Now for the street policemen. In Cologne last week a young lady walking home was suddenly arrested without explanation, and ordered to come to the police station. She was much frightened, but obeyed, knowing that there must be a mistake, and that to stop and argue with the policeman would call a crowd together and make a scandal. The house of her parents had to be passed, and there she told the policeman that he might satisfy himself in regard to her identity. But he refused to do so, and ordered her on. She demurred, and he seized her violently. But she struggled so well that he alone could not move her on, and so two more policemen came, and by violence forced her along the street. A crowd collected, and as she was recognized as a well-connected young lady, an effort was made to deliver her out of the hands of the brutal officials. Her mother had been called, and made frantic efforts to release her daughter; but the three policemen used violence upon the mother as well as upon her daughter, and finally the young lady was lodged in jail. When the father came home he rushed to the chief of the police, who of course ordered the young lady set free. She is now ill in bed from the effects of this violent treatment, and has completely lost the use of her speech.

This story may be matched in New York or London, but I doubt it. The important feature in connection with it is the fact that here the citizens do not make much of it. The papers hush it up, at the instance of the police, and the brutes guilty of this outrage, so far from being punished, are probably transferred to some other town, or possibly promoted. In England or America such an outrage would occupy the public mind for weeks. Indeed, it is only a few months ago that the British Parliament was forced by the pressure of public opinion to take up the case of a shop-girl who had been arrested by the police on Regents Street. No physical violence was done to her, yet public sentiment was aroused from the mere doubt as to whether she or the policeman had spoken the truth. The London young lady had no facilities for establishing her respectability, as had the outraged young lady of Cologne.

Now Germany is most thoroughly governed, and her officials receive perhaps lower pay than those of any other country. In general, Germans are proud of the honesty and industry of the official classes; yet, with the vast multiplication of official posts since the founding of the German Empire, Germans persist in being dissatisfied. They persist in colonizing every other country than their own. They amass fortunes in foreign trade, and then, instead of settling in Berlin or buying a castle on the Rhine, they turn English and astonish Park Lane, or they call themselves Alsacian, and take their bank accounts to Paris.

Government organs in Germany denounce Radicals, Liberals, Socialists, as "unpatriotic," and they insist that the government should be more severe in suppressing Liberal newspapers and seditious orators. To the officials most nearly concerned I beg respectfully to recommend a canoe cruise along any canal or river. In such a cruise they will have their eyes opened to strange things. They will see why Germany is to-day drifting into socialism and revolution—not because the government is bad, but because there is too much of it.

Poultney Bigelow.

MUSIC NOTES.

In the early years of the Casino, the epoch of its famous successes, New-Yorkers—not to speak of the misguided suburbanites who come into New York on a summer night—could always enjoy an entertaining and yet informal musical show, no matter how high the heat record. First, there was one or another comic opera or an operetta. There was Strauss, or Milloecker, or Lecocq, or Lacombe, Geneé, Offenbach, or Jakobowski to hear. *The Brigands* and *Erminie* and *The Grand Duchess* were not less well sung nor mounted the worse because the month was a midsummer one. And then, the operetta over, came the little supplementary hour of concertizing up on the roof, with a handful of good players in the band, and pleasant programmes of a dozen numbers; nothing else except starlight and sipping and chatting. And so went the evening by. How soon and fatally was this kind of a stage entertainment of a really musical kind, this unobtrusive notion of a roof garden, lost to sight! Dear to memory it certainly is, in thinking of the noise and inanity and Bowery glare forced on the attention of evening auditors nowadays. The summer-night high-class concert does not take its place for many people; and, besides that, it has never been quite happily housed, nor roofed, in all New York. We are not in luck, and we shall not be so until one manager or another refers back to us the older, simpler, more refined and homogeneous kind of show for the midsummer town. There were uninteresting operettas and inferior casts in the ancient times. But men and women of the average refinement and musical ear went even to them and away from them with a sense of coherent musical enjoyment; and they have no successors.

Mr. H. M. Hirschberg, who is the manager for Madame Marcella Sembrich's coming concert tour in this country, announces that Madame Sembrich will be the soloist at the first of the Hotel Astoria subscription concerts.

The less said in print of the contentions and reconciliations of singers the better. It is, however, of interest, possibly of professional importance (in looking forward to our coming musical season), to note that the warfare between Mr. Jean de Reszke and Madame Nordica is accomplished. There have been formal courtesies and apologies. Madame Nordica, in especial, has published almost a document of retraction. As nothing except the Greco-Turkish war and the Jubilee has been of such vast consequence in the eyes of both hemispheres as this melancholy struggle, a general feeling of relief will settle down over our stock-market, our health boards, our religious societies, and social circles at large. Madame Nordica, it is to be added, sought and made the reconciliation. In view of her recent illness after her exertions her motto seems to have been peace with peritonitis. Her severe illness, fortunately, is now a thing of the past, albeit several German newspapers published her obituary.

At hand is the annual neat volume of bound programmes of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's work of a season. There are the accustomed enlivenments to the mere bills of the music in the way of Mr. Apthorp analyses of compositions, or those rather juicier interpolations that fill up the "Entr'acte" section. The season of 1896–7 was the Orchestra's sixteenth. Mr. Paur is the fourth conductor that Mr. Higginson's undertaking has had since it was started on a career of exceptional success and exceptional favor for an American scheme of its sort. The list of instrumental works new to Bostonians until the concerts recorded in this book include several of more or less interest quite unfamiliar here. Bizet's "Jeux d'Enfants" Suite, op. 22; Bourgault-Ducoudray's "Burial of Ophelia," a descriptive fantasy; "Lenore," a symphonic poem by another French musician of some note, Duparc; Rimsky-Korsakoff's Oriental serenade, "Sherzad"; an arrangement by Kretschmar of Gluck's "Don Juan" ballet music, and the same arranger's version of a Symphony in C by Dittersdorf; and the new symphony by Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, entitled "Gaelic," a new example of that remarkable Boston musician's individuality; and the second intermezzo in Schilling's *Ingwelde*, a German opera that has lately stirred the placid waters of its composer's musical world. The orchestra represented one hundred composers in its year's work, and it was assisted by nineteen soloists. The composers most drawn on were Wagner, Beethoven, Brahms, Mozart, and Dvorshàk.

E. I. Stevenson.

THIS BUSY WORLD

The separation of Brown University from its president has been much discussed and clamored over. Dr. Andrews's resignation takes effect on September 1. On that day the corporation meets and will act upon it, and of course may possibly decline to accept it. There is an edifying diversity of views as to whether the corporation of Brown has acted wisely. It will be remembered that it voted, at the Commencement meeting, to request of President Andrews, at that time absent in Europe, "a forbearance, out of regard for the interests of the university, to promulgate his views" as to the expediency of coining silver into unlimited dollars at 16 to 1. Dr. Andrews's reply was that he could not gratify the corporation in this particular, even if he wished to, "without surrendering that reasonable liberty of utterance which my predecessors, my faculty colleagues, and myself have hitherto enjoyed, and in the absence of which the most ample endowment for an educational institution would be of little worth." There is no doubt that Dr. Andrews's silver sentiments have worried the friends of Brown acutely, and have been temporarily detrimental to the interests of the university. There is not much doubt, either, that it has been Dr. Andrews's position as President of Brown University that has given his views most of their influence and importance. No wonder the corporation has chafed! Dr. Andrews, however inadvertently or unintentionally, had put it in a false position.

The incident illustrates the intensity of men's convictions on the silver question. An analogous case was that of the attitude of some of the authorities of Toronto University towards Professor Goldwin Smith, whose views on annexation are so objectionable to many Canadians. Only questions of the most searching consequence can create such situations as that at Brown, or as that which Dr. Smith relieved by declining Toronto's degree. None of the men who are concerned with the embarrassments of Brown have wanted to make trouble. It is the extraordinary situation that has been to blame, and the most desirable solution of the difficulty would have been what we are all hoping for, the disappearance of free coinage as a vital issue.

Meanwhile there is already some premature speculation as to Dr. Andrews's successor. The University of Rochester, like Brown, an institution of strong Baptist affiliations, is without a president, and has been trying to induce Professor Benjamin Ide Wheeler to come to it from Cornell. Now Rochester fears that Professor Wheeler will be called to Brown. But the late able and popular president of Rochester is still disengaged. If Brown accepts Dr. Andrews's resignation, why should it not call Dr. Hill?

It seems to be matter for expert opinion whether the predicament of Lehigh University in being without visible means of immediate support is the fault of its trustees or is a misfortune due to hard times. Since the death of Asa Packer the trustees of the Packer estate have managed the Lehigh Valley Railroad, as well as the university and the Packer charities. During the last three years some of the Lehigh Valley stockholders have been dissatisfied with the management of the road, and have tried to induce the trustees of the estate to sell their interests and let the road go into the control of a new management. But the trustees have held on, until finally they have had to go for help to Mr. Pierpont Morgan. Persons who take a hopeful view of Lehigh's prospects say that if business only revives, the property which still remains to the estate will much more than suffice to take good care of the surviving Packer heirs, the university, and all the Packer charities.

Meanwhile the appropriation of $150,000 by the Pennsylvania Legislature, approved by Governor Hastings on July 27, will enable the corporation to keep the university going for the next two years, and by that time, it is to be hoped, it will again be able to take care of itself.

Mention has been made in this department of the expedition of Professor Libbey, of Princeton, to New Mexico, and of his purpose to scale the rock near Albuquerque, called the "Mesa Encantada," and find out whether it was true, as related, that there were remains of an ancient village on its top. The professor reached the enchanted table-rock safely, and on July 23 shot a line over it with a life-savers' coast-guard cannon. By means of the line he scaled the rock and investigated its surface. He found nothing to confirm the romantic story that there had once been an Indian village on it which had been cut off by an earthquake from the plain below. All that indicated that men might have been there before was a monument of rocks, which may have been piled up by human hands. The professor will not have much to show for his pains, but at all events he has had his fun for his money. He went on an interesting errand and has accomplished it.

The present month will see an extraordinary hobnobbing of American, British, and Canadian scientists. The forty-sixth meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science begins at Detroit on August 8, and lasts a week. The sixty-seventh annual meeting of the British association begins at Toronto on August 18, and lasts until August 25. It is the second time the British association has held its annual meeting away from home. Thirteen years ago it met at Montreal. The times and places of the meetings of the two associations this year have been so arranged as to make it easy for members of either association to be present at both meetings. To the same end is an arrangement by which the meeting of the British association, to which usually only its own members are admitted, is to be open to members of the American association on payment of certain fees. About 300 British scientists are expected at the meeting in Toronto.

The will of Miss Rosalie Butler, who died on July 17 at Stockbridge, Massachusetts, contains a bequest of $50,000 to the State Charities Aid Association of New York. Miss Butler, who was the eldest daughter of the late Charles E. Butler, who started the law firm which has come to be that of Evarts, Choate, & Beaman, was for twenty-four years one of the wisest and most devoted workers among the city institutions of charity in New York. In 1872 a committee of volunteer visitors for Bellevue Hospital was organized, of which she became the secretary. This committee, which presently became the New York County visiting committee of the State Charities Aid Association, was notably instrumental in introducing radical reforms at Bellevue and other city institutions, of which Miss Butler's reports form an edifying record. One of its early achievements was the organization of the Bellevue Hospital Training School for Nurses. In 1885 Miss Butler became president of the committee, and she continued to serve in it until last year.

Very early in the morning on July 25 an orderly and well-conducted fire destroyed the Spring House at Richfield Springs. The old hotel, so widely known, was a big wooden building, and had about two hundred and fifty persons in it when it caught fire, but it burned slowly, as a well-managed hotel in a village duly supplied with water should burn, and all the guests, including the Mayor of New York, got safely out and had ample time in which to save their effects. Part of the burned building was seventy-five years old. Very few American summer hotels that are still fashionable can show an equal antiquity.

No news at this writing of Herr Andrée! The messages which were supposed to have come from him by carrier-pigeons are all pronounced bogus. It is thought that if he has succeeded in crossing the pole he will first be heard from from Alaska or Siberia. Extreme interest is felt in Europe in his expedition, and even in America, where we are supposed to be so busy getting ready to be busier, we can spare time to read his story if only he can bring it in.

When Mr. Wanamaker was Postmaster-General he put on the market three sizes of postal cards. Under the rule of succeeding officials less solicitous to meet the public taste, two of those sizes have become obsolete, and only the biggest survives. The little blue postal card, the best-looking of the lot, was favored by many patrons of the post-office, who have lamented its disappearance. They will be glad to know that the department, in ordering a new lot of cards, has contracted once more for two sizes, and that if the smaller size proves popular it will continue to be kept in stock.

The Queen's Jubilee produced at least one good poem. Rudyard Kipling's "Recessional" is edifying both to the ear and to the spirit.

Mr. Clarence A. Seward, who died at Geneva, New York, on July 24, was very well known in New York as a lawyer, a man of affairs, and a social leader. He was born in New York in 1828, but lost both his parents when very young, and became a member of the family of his uncle, William H. Seward. He grew up in Auburn, was graduated at Hobart College, studied law in Auburn, and came from there to New York with Samuel Blatchford, with whom he formed a partnership, out of which grew the firm of Blatchford, Seward, Griswold, & Da Costa, and later that of Seward, Guthrie, & Steele. Judge Blatchford went on the bench, and eventually was appointed a Justice of the United States Supreme Court, but Mr. Seward continued to practise law until his death. Besides being a distinguished and successful lawyer he was active in politics and social life. He was Judge Advocate of New York State under Governors King and Morgan, and Assistant Secretary of State under President Johnson, having been appointed immediately after the attempt to assassinate Secretary Seward. Mr. Seward was vice-president of the Adams Express Company, and for the last seven years had been president of the Union Club. He was fond of society, a brilliant talker, a collector of books, and a lover of music.

These are the names of the twelve architects who were successful in the preliminary competition for the New York library building: J. H. Friedlander; Haydel & Shepard; H. Hornbostel, George E. Wood, & George C. Palmer; Howard & Cauldwell; Lord, Hewlett, & Hull; Clarence S. Luce; Paris & Schroeder; and Francis L. Ellingwood; Roos & Weber; W. Wheeler Smith, associated with Walker & Morris; C. W. & A. A. Stoughton; James E. Ware & Son; Whitney Warren.

Eighty-eight plans were submitted in this first contest. Six of the above successful competitors will be selected by a committee of the trustees of the library to compete in the final competition with six other architects of architectural firms to be selected by the committee. The winner in this last competition, which will be decided in November, will be the architect of the new library.

That disagreeable joke about St. Swithin's day has had a great run in the newspapers this year. St. Swithin's day is July 15, and the old rhyme says:

> St. Swithin's day, if then dost rain,
> For forty days it will remain.
> St. Swithin's day, if then be fair,
> For forty days will rain nae mair.

The rhyme was constructed to suit the climate of England, where we are taught to believe that a month of rainy days in midsummer makes no very great difference. It has no true application to any part of the climate of the United States. This year it has been lugged into use to account for the miserable and persistent sloppiness of the latter part of July. To have it rain day after day, hopelessly and gloomily, as though the plug were out of the celestial reservoir, is bad enough in town, where it gives people low spirits. But in the country, dear, dear, what a calamity! To be a farmer, and to have a wheat-field where the grain stands cut and in sheaves under leaden skies, which drizzle on it for the better part of a fortnight, is a desperate mischance. What the farmers of New York State alone have lost by the wet harvest, which has made their new-cut grain sprout and their standing wheat rust, the newspapers will tell us. It will be a great sum, for the crops were unusually heavy. It is hard to bear with untimely weather that makes one's labor go for naught, and gradually filches away the profits that were spread before the farmer's eyes and seemed already safe in his pocket. It takes a well-disciplined spirit to bow patiently under a dispensation of that sort, in which even the most pious mind finds unwelcome evidence of the mysteriousness of the plans and methods of Providence.

The latest periodical attempt to secure the release of Mrs. Maybrick has resulted no better than its predecessors. British official opinion on the subject of Mrs. Maybrick's deserts seems to be fixed for all time. This last effort, made through Ambassador Hay, aimed to obtain at least some modifications of the conditions of her imprisonment, but it accomplished nothing. British justice can be firm on occasion; and on occasion, again, as was shown in the investigation of Cecil Rhodes, it can swallow as great a camel as the necessities of the case compel.

A London despatch reports a falling out between Lady Henry Somerset and the British Women's Temperance Union. Lady Henry, it seems, sent out a circular to the presidents of the branch associations asking them not to approve petitions against the renewal of the contagious diseases acts for India. Her request was almost universally disregarded, and finding her advice unacceptable, she has resigned the presidency of the Union. Why a British Temperance Union should concern itself for or against the restriction of contagious diseases in India does not appear, and possibly Lady Henry's objection to the petitions was that they meddled with what was outside the Union's province.

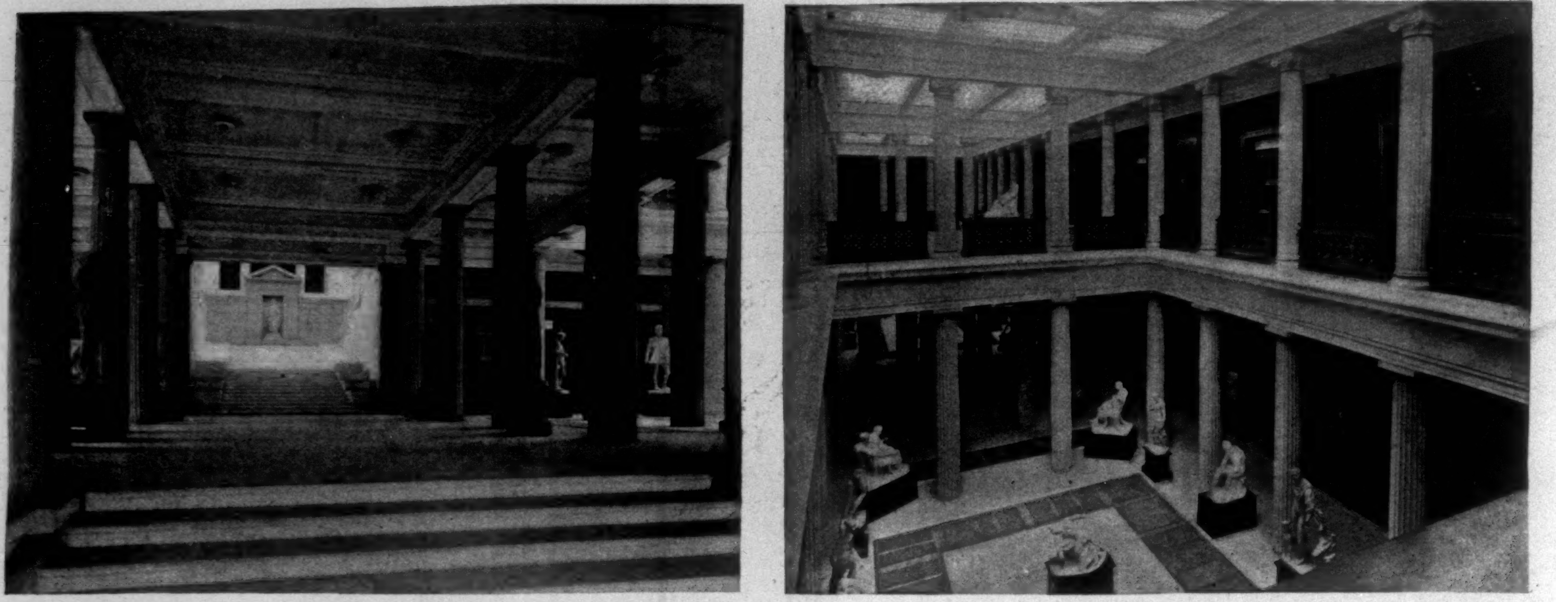
It is pointed out by his Honor the Mayor of Philadelphia that in the article in the Weekly of July 24, about the restoration of Independence Hall in Philadelphia, Mr. Steele has credited the Society of Colonial Dames with labors and expenditures in altering and restoring the rooms on the second floor of the old building which should have been credited to the Philadelphia Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution. It was the members of this latter society that restored the rooms at a cost of over $5000.

The provision of the new tariff law that returning travellers may bring in, duty free, no more than one hundred dollars' worth of personal effects purchased abroad seems not as yet effectual to keep vagrant Americans from coming home. The passengers of the *Majestic*, who arrived on July 28, and were the first to experience the rigors of the new law, seem to have submitted peacefully and in some cases with good-humor. To the dispassionate observer it seems doubtful whether the business of getting large quantities of clothes in England and France and trying to bring them through the custom-house without paying duties has ever been worth what it has cost. The effort has been apt to involve evasion and deceit, as well as more or less bribery, and economies bought at an expense of integrity must always, to some minds, seem dear. Under the new law it would seem that every traveller can tell accurately what he owes duties on and what not. One hundred dollars' worth of his foreign purchases comes in free; the rest pays duties. There is less debatable ground than there has been, and many nice questions, as whether a coat or a gown that has been tried on has been worn, will cease to be discussed.

It is reported that Lady Aberdeen's scheme for raising about a million dollars in Canada, to endow, as a Jubilee memorial, a Victorian Order of Nurses, fell surprisingly flat, receiving very little attention and less money. The plan was a good one. The nurses were to receive fixed salaries, and were to be available for the care of the sick in sparsely settled districts and of the sick poor in cities, and were to attend cases at moderate fixed charges in families of small means. But though the plan was mothered by the Governor-General's wife and got as good a start as authority could give it, Canada looked coldly on it. The explanation, as given by a correspondent of the *Evening Post*, is that it conflicted with countless local Jubilee schemes which captured all the loose Canadian cash, that it proposed to benefit western Canada, a labor which eastern Canada feels disposed to leave to the government, and finally that Lady Aberdeen, its originator, is not popular in the Dominion. She is too clever and too advanced, it seems, for the Canadians, too much interested in "movements" and great topics, and organization and sociology, and not enough in etiquette and raiment. Lady Aberdeen is a serious-minded woman who wants to do things that are worth while, whereas Canada, it would seem, would prefer for the Governor-General's wife a dame who wanted to have fun and knew how. A professor in petticoats seems not at all to be the Canadian ideal of a mistress of Rideau Hall. Canada is comparatively old-fashioned and does not seem to care to be advanced. If Lady Aberdeen's field had included Chicago, she would doubtless have been better understood, better appreciated, and better backed.

Mrs. Helen Watterson Moody, who writes in *Scribner's* about the Woman Collegian, says that "ten women shut in together will worry one hundred times as much as ten men shut in together," and for that reason she thinks it an imperfection in girls' colleges that they bring their pupils into such a constant proximity that the girls tend to wear one another out. Mrs. Moody has heard that "one of the advantages of coeducation is a distinct lessening of the emotional and nervous strain among the women students." She does not know why, but for some reason "there is certainly less nervous tension, morbidity, and self-consciousness among college women associated with men than among those in the women's colleges." It has long been recognized that it was not good for man to be alone, but there is some novelty about this suggestion that it is still worse for woman. Perhaps, after all, there is an instinct of self-preservation at the bottom of the wide-spread disposition of womankind to break into the men's colleges. Mrs. Moody believes in a division of labor, and also in methods of education which shall recognize that what used to be called "woman's work" is not yet obsolete. She does not openly proclaim that woman collegians should be taught, among other things, how to cook, but she gives grounds for believing that she holds that opinion. One of the faults she finds with the college woman is that it takes her longer after graduation to get clear out of college than it does her brother. None the less she thinks that college education does the college girl good, only it does her the most good after she has ceased to have it on her mind.

E. S. Martin.



VIEW FROM THE ENTRANCE. VIEW OF THE ATRIUM AND GALLERIES.

INTERIOR OF THE NEW CORCORAN GALLERY OF ART.

THE CORCORAN GALLERY OF ART.

In the new home which has been provided for the collection of works of art formed by the late William Wilson Corcoran, and added to by gift, loan, and purchase, there is at last an opportunity for intelligent and profitable study. The architect has made excellent provision for the essential requisites of space and light, and by treating the interior with a dignified and broad simplicity, has secured for the exhibits a noble setting.

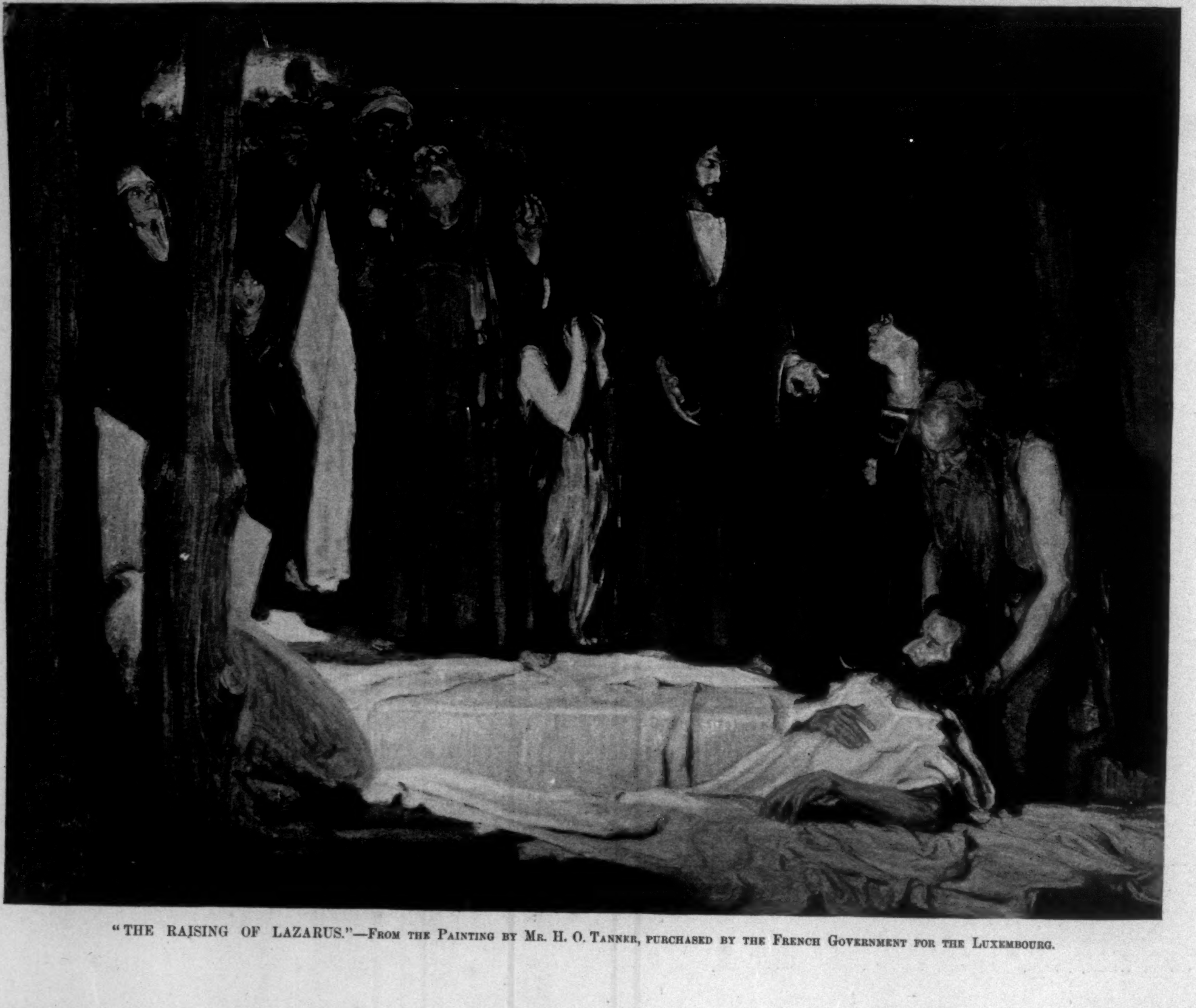
The bronze entrance-doors, in the centre of the longitudinal façade, open into a vestibule, from which marble steps ascend to the atrium. This, as the name implies, is open to the skylight, and is flanked by two halls eighty-five feet in length, which communicate with smaller rooms; the whole floor, with the exception of a part devoted to the board-room, library, and office, forming an impressive sculpture-gallery. Here are displayed the very complete collection of casts from the antique, the smaller but fairly representative collection of replicas of Renaissance sculpture, and a magnificent array of Barye bronzes, said to be the largest in existence.

Around the atrium stand forty Doric columns of Indiana limestone, surmounted by a gallery, from which rises another "order" of columns—in this case Ionic—which support the roof. From this gallery extend the various rooms occupied by the paintings and exhibits of cloisonné, porcelain, and glass, and electrotype reproductions. The collection of pictures includes a large number of portraits which possess great historical interest, and in some cases artistic merit. For the rest, the motive of the collector was rather to buy what pleased him than to compile a representative collection. The old masters can be counted by ones and twos; there is no example of the Italian Renaissance, and of American works only a sprinkling, and these, with a few exceptions, not representative of our best achievement. Still, Washington is the Mecca of the people, and the influence of these galleries far-reaching and good, and the increased accommodation will no doubt stimulate a growth in the collection itself.

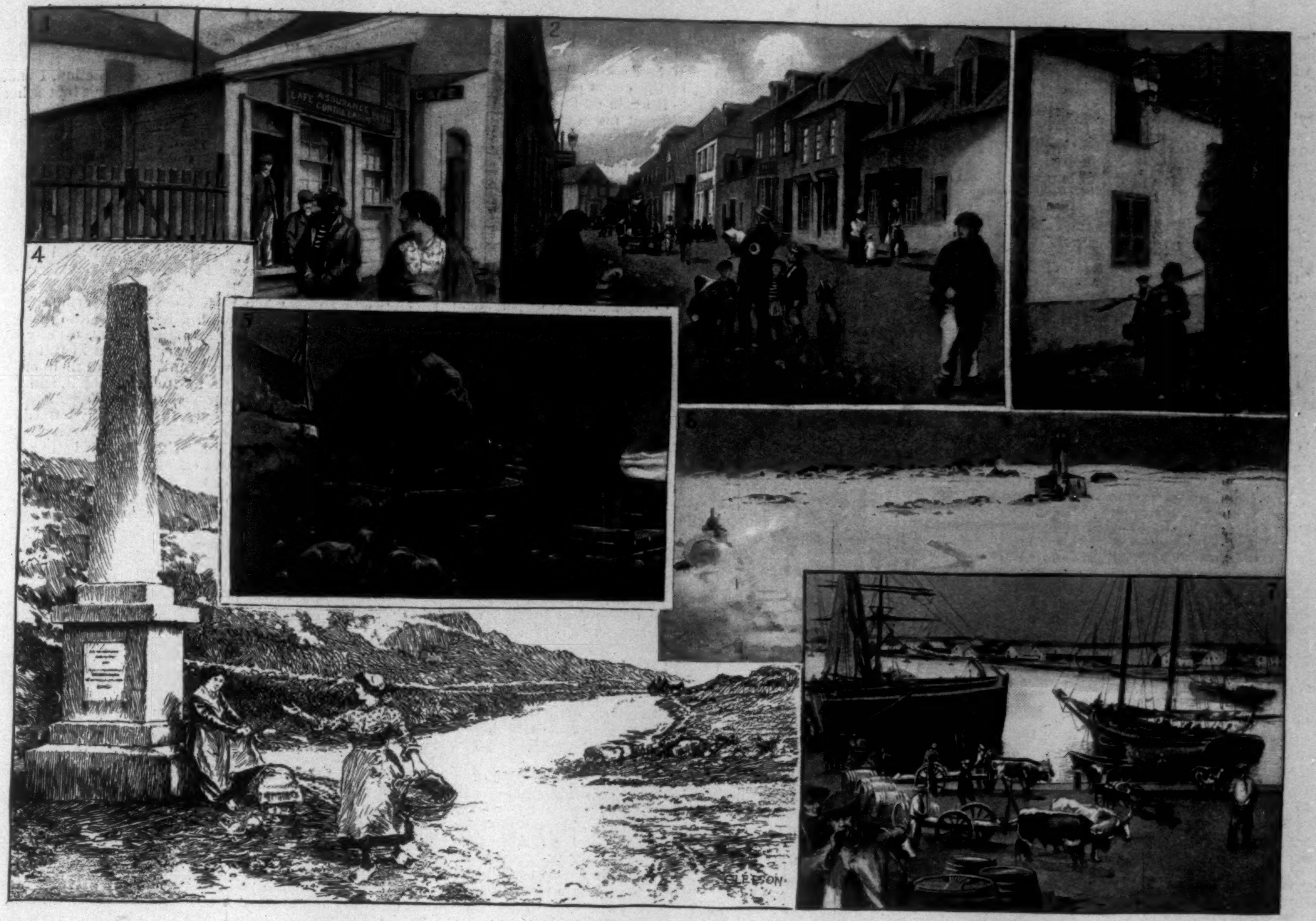
MR. H. O. TANNER'S PICTURE, "THE RAISING OF LAZARUS."

When an artist's sense of responsibility to himself and his times prompts him to put his technical skill at the service of a great theme, he wins our respectful attention. Such a one is Mr. Henry O. Tanner, whose picture "The Raising of Lazarus" was exhibited in this year's Salon. In pleasant contrast to many Salon exhibitors, Mr. Tanner has not relied upon mere extent of canvas or been contented to make only a clever exhibition of craftsmanship. His picture is comparatively small, but its seriousness of intention very marked, and though the youth of the artist is said to betray itself in the execution, its general excellence is attested by the fact that the French government has bought the picture.

Not the least interesting fact in connection with the picture is that Mr. Tanner is a colored citizen of the United States, who has studied his art in Paris under Tony Robert Fleury and Bouguereau.



"THE RAISING OF LAZARUS."—From the Painting by Mr. H. O. Tanner, purchased by the French Government for the Luxembourg.



OUR FRENCH NEIGHBORS—SCENES ON THE ISLAND OF ST.-PIERRE, MIQUELON.

1. A Cabaret. 2. A Street Scene in St.-Pierre, showing the Town Crier. 3. A characteristic Street Corner in St.-Pierre. 4. Monument on the Route Iphigénie. 5. Old Guns on Galantry Head. 6. The Harbor in Winter. 7. On the Quay.

OUR FRENCH NEIGHBORS.

BY ALBERT LEE.

FROM a scenic stand-point, the elements could not have conspired better to offer us a striking picture upon our entrance into the rock-bound harbor of St.-Pierre. The view was truly theatric, and all the more so because it burst upon us so unexpectedly. Since early morning we had been steaming along at half-speed over a glassy sea through the dense Northern fog, where no sound but our own hoarse warnings broke the oppressive stillness, when, suddenly, from out the very heart of the cloud banks burst a fierce uncanny moan. Involuntarily we sprang from our chairs and leaned over the rail, peering into the nothingness ahead of us, and soon again we heard that same mysterious sound. It came apparently from nowhere, wafted over the water to us with a trembling, sobbing rhythm. It was like a hoarse cry of distress, the wail of some giant child of the North lost in the fog, and crying aloud for help as it wandered along over the vast ocean wilderness.

"That's the fog-horn on Galantry Head," said a fellow-passenger, prosaically; and as he spoke the weird noise was repeated, this time much more distinctly and nearer. We could tell, from the direction of the wake, that our ship had changed her course and was heading in toward the warning note.

Presently the surface of the sea rippled gently, and a light breeze that had sprung up from over Newfoundland way cut a rift in the mist. We looked up, and there, dead ahead of us, not three ship's-lengths away, rose Galantry Head, bleak and perpendicular, with the breakers licking up at its base like flames about a yule-log. The little white light-house on the crest of the cliff gradually drew itself clear of the enveloping fog robe, and the great horn below shouted fiercely again just as the steamer bent to her helm and swung clear of the seething waters out into the narrow channel between Colombier and the dangerous Canailles.

The friendly breeze had now so freshened that with its increased strength it brushed away the fog; and as the mist curtain lifted before us, we found ourselves gazing upon one of the quaintest scenes we had ever beheld. Picture to yourself a town of about ten thousand souls nestled near the top of some noble Alpine mountain, far up above the timber-line, where there are no trees or bushes or verdure of any kind, nothing but bare rocks that tower a thousand feet or more above the slated roofs and the church steeples. Then let your imagination raise the sea up to the very edge of this Alpine village, dot the tortuous outer harbor with surf-smitten bowlders, place here and there a little white light-house clinging to one of these slippery pedestals, and crowd the inner basin with hundreds of luggers, barks, and brown-sailed fishing-schooners. Such is St.-Pierre. It is a mountain town in mid-Atlantic.

The island on which it is built is about twelve miles in circumference, a sheer rock of porphyry that juts up from the bosom of the ocean, with no vestige of vegetation upon its face to tempt any one to land there. Yet upon this sterile rock is a thriving little French city, full of French mirth and life, and all the wealth of its inhabitants is pulled up out of the sea on hooks. The appearance of the place, with the gay tricolor of France floating from every pole, is thoroughly European. It looks totally unlike any other town in North America. A Frenchman has one way of building a house, and no matter where he goes, whether north or south, Miquelon or Madagascar, he builds his house in just that way. And when you see it you know that a Frenchman lives there, and you can almost smell the *pot au feu*. From the deck of the vessel the buildings of St.-Pierre appeared to be of stone, but in reality they are constructed of wood or brick covered with stucco. This sort of exterior gives an air of solidity to the place, and the whole town looks as though it had been planted on that rock to stay.

There are three entrances to the harbor, none of which is very safe, but the main ship-channel lies between Galantry Head and L'Isle aux Chiens. This passage is so narrow that in some places the deck of an incoming ship is splashed with spray from the breakers on the surrounding rocks. Nevertheless, the local fishing-smacks bob in and out through it by day and by night, seemingly heedless of their peril, and it is a fact that, except in time of severe storms, few accidents are reported. The inner harbor is protected by a low jetty, and is called the *Barachois*. It is framed with stone quays and wharves, and is capable of sheltering several hundred schooners when the weather is so rough as to keep the fishermen within shelter.

At one of these stone quays we landed. We were greeted by a crowd of contented and healthy-looking French fisher-folk, the men dressed in blue trousers and gaudy shirts, the women in short dark frocks and neat white caps, almost everybody shod with wooden sabots or with rope-soled canvas shoes. A stout *gendarme*, with a long sword and endless gold braid, stood in the front rank, paternally watching to see that none of the small boys and girls fall into the water; but, to our surprise, there was no *douanier* on hand to rifle our luggage officially. It seems that so few strangers ever visit St.-Pierre that it is found unnecessary to have a *douanier* meet the fortnightly arrivals of hand baggage; so we were allowed to step ashore unmolested, and our walk across the quay was not hindered or hampered by a swarm of men and boys clamoring to carry our satchels. The good people made way, and although they gazed upon us with some curiosity, this seemed really more like a cordial display of interest than an evidence of vulgar surprise at our appearance.

The island of St.-Pierre, although the smallest, is the most important of the Miquelon group, and is the only one possessing a harbor. The other islands are Grande Miquelon, Petite Miquelon (more commonly called Langlade), and half a dozen neighboring rocks that have been dignified with long names. These isolated and barren islets are all that is now left to France of her once vast North American possessions, and the British even grudge her this foothold in the New World. John Bull would welcome any occasion that could arise to justify him in seizing St.-Pierre. And it would be no difficult task, either. Newfoundland is only fifteen miles distant as the crow flies, and within six hours after a declaration of war a British cruiser from St. John's or Placentia could swoop down upon the unprotected village and blow it into a dust-heap before the French could mount a gun. For, by the Treaty of Utrecht, it was stipulated that the islands should not be fortified, and that no more than fifty soldiers should be kept there, these to be in the nature of police rather than as a garrison. There are half a dozen old muzzle-loading cannon, of the Nevers model of 1835, mounted on a rock that juts out into the harbor, but they are absolutely useless for anything but noise and pyrotechnics, and even so the cannoneer takes his life in his hands every time he lights the fuse. For the mere sake of this man's safety the French set up a modern gun on the Pointe aux Canons, a few years ago, that they might properly welcome their war-ships without precipitating a funeral. But the British heard of it, and soon a cruiser steamed over from Halifax, and a naval officer came ashore, with his hat in his hand, and gave the Governor the assurances of her Majesty's most distinguished consideration, and politely called his attention to the prohibitive clause in the treaty. A few days later the gun was dismounted, and it is now doubtless rusting in the cellars of the *Gendarmerie*.

The Treaty of Utrecht not only ceded the Miquelon group to the French, but also gave them the right to cure and dry fish on the west coast of Newfoundland between Cape Bonavista and Cape Ray—a region which has ever since then been called the "French shore," and which has become more familiar to us of late through the disputes it has caused, and through the lengthy discussion recently held in the British Parliament as to whether lobster is a fish or not. The French claim that their right to catch, cure, and dry fish on the Newfoundland coast necessarily includes the privilege of building huts and drying-places on this shore; and the Newfoundlanders, taking the opposite of the argument, display the earnestness of their convictions by consistently tearing down every French-built hut or shanty they come across. As a result there have been many serious encounters between the rival islanders; and to maintain even approximate peace, both the British and the French governments are obliged to keep a fleet of war-ships in that neighborhood for nine months in the year. By international agreement the officers of these vessels are empowered to settle all disputes arising among the fishermen, and not infrequently the professional assistance of the ships' surgeons is called into service.

The principal industry of St.-Pierre, however, is cod-fishing, and it is prosecuted on an elaborate scale. Perhaps the dispute over the lobster's piscatorial identity has placed him somewhat in disrepute with the St.-Pierrese, for at the present day the lobster-fishery is not even considered important enough to receive mention in the official reports of the colonial government. On the other hand, these reports for 1893 show that the exports of cod to France and to foreign countries amounted in that year to 26,075,047 kilos, besides 561,149 kilos of cod-liver oil. The latter commodity is not the medicinal oil that we are familiar with, but a coarser kind used for tanning, and is manufactured by allowing the livers to decompose in open vats until they reach a liquid state. Almost every fisherman's hut on the outskirts of St.-Pierre and at the fishing settlements on the other islands has two or three of these vats near by, and the foul stench that arises from the decaying cod livers, together with the thousands of flies that gather to the feast, would make the locality uninhabitable for any except those who have been brought up in the midst of such conditions. Yet, to our surprise, we found St.-Pierre a remarkably clean and sweet-scented place for a fishing-town. We expected that the acres of drying-places in and about the village would make the atmosphere rather unpleasant, but this is not in the least the case. There is no odor from the drying-places, and these liver-vats that I have spoken of are excluded from the city limits by a governmental ordinance, and our only experience with the unsavory industry was when we visited the little settlement at L'Anse au Savoyard, situated about three miles from St.-Pierre, at the end of the Route Iphigénie.

In a place where fishing is practically the sole industry of the community, and where intercourse with the outer world is restricted to the fortnightly visits of the mail-steamer, it is natural that the only topic of conversation and the one question of general interest should be fish. We became aware of this very soon after we had landed. We took a stroll through the narrow streets—which have no sidewalks, and are more like lanes between low houses—and had hardly turned the first corner when we were upon a drying-place dotted with piles of cod that looked like hay-stacks, and crowded with women and boys who were laying the fish out to dry in the sun.

As fast as the cod are caught by the fishermen off the Banks, they are opened and cleaned and stowed away in salt. As soon as the schooner is loaded the men return to St.-Pierre and sell their catch to the large exporters, or, if they are in the employ of one of these, they land the catch directly at a drying-place. A drying-place consists of several acres of land covered with flat stones exposed to the sunlight. The drying process is slow, and requires a great deal of handling, since the fish must be collected and stacked under tarpaulins as soon as fog or rain comes on, and then laid out in the sun again (like the family washing) as soon as the skies clear. The men who catch the fish, and the women and boys who work in the drying-places, come over from France every spring in government transports, and return to their homes again in the fall in the same manner. The majority are from St.-Malo, Dieppe, and Fécamp, but many come from the Basque country, in the south of France. It is said that Basque fishermen knew St.-Pierre as early as 1604, and were the first to establish a fishing settlement there. But wars and treaties kept these Miquelon Islands seesawing for ownership between the French and the English for so many years that it was not until 1816 that the islands were finally turned over to France for good and all, with the same treaty stipulations that were made at Utrecht in 1713. During these two hundred years the British destroyed St.-Pierre at least half a dozen times, and carried the French inhabitants off to Nova Scotia and Cape Breton as prisoners. And as many times the French king recovered the islands and returned his subjects to their charred and ruined homes. And just as sure as war occurs again between these two nations will British ships once more enter the little harbor and seize the colony in the name of the Queen (or the King, as the case may be), and this time there will be no return of it to the French.

In order to encourage them to their greatest efforts, the home government offers bounties to the colonists on almost every conceivable industry. There is a bounty of one dollar on every dory built in the colony, and a whole schedule of bounties relating to the export of cod. The average, however, is about four dollars for each quintal (112 lbs.) shipped from the islands.

There are probably not more than twenty horses on the islands, the local beasts of burden being oxen and dogs. Wagons drawn by anywhere from one to six black dogs are common sights in the streets. The ox teams are used for the heavier work, and are in charge of Basque teamsters, who wear quaint hats and brilliant sashes, and use strange and terrible oaths as they prick their beasts with cruel steel-pointed goads. When the day's work is done the Basques and Normans and Bretons gather in the cafés—of which there must be half a hundred in the little town—and drink their absinth or *eau-de-vie* or Madeira until they are officially notified that it is time for them to go to bed. This notification is given by a drummer, who passes through all the streets every night at ten o'clock, beating a loud tattoo, at the sound of which most of the cafés and *cabarets* are compelled to close. A few are allowed to serve their customers until eleven o'clock; but woe betide the innkeeper whose place is found open by the *gendarmes* after that hour!

An early morning counterpart of this primitive drumming curfew is the town crier, who makes his rounds with a bugle, and announces the arrival of fish-laden schooners, or an auction sale of hay, poultry, eggs, or vegetables. As there is no grass grown on the island, the hay is brought over from Newfoundland in small boats. The thrifty Newfoundlanders also bring over eggs and vegetables and firewood, for of course the St.-Pierrese can raise none of these necessities themselves. And so the bugler serves the purpose of a daily newspaper, making the announcements that people in other communities find in the advertising columns of the press. The only public prints at St.-Pierre are the *Feuille Officielle*, which contains nothing but official announcements, and *L'Égalité*, a weekly journal whose space is largely taken up by the *feuilleton*.

For a small place, St.-Pierre probably has more government than any other community on earth. There is a governor sent over from France, and he is assisted by a private council of his own selection, and by a general council elected by the colonists. There is an elaborate judiciary system; a department of maritime affairs; a marine court; departments of the interior, of finance, of religion, of public instruction, of fishing, of colonial posts; a board of health, a chamber of commerce, a custom-house; bureaus of pilotage, charities, general inspection of ships; a superintendent of roads, of docks, of houses, and countless other officials and official institutions. There are a cathedral, a convent, a colonial hospital, with trained physicians sent out from France, and there is a club where the merchants gather in the evening and talk of fish until the atmosphere fairly reeks with cod.

In addition to all this, two European cables land at St.-Pierre and pass on thence to Cape Cod and to Sydney, Cape Breton. (About the only foreign inhabitants of the island are the English cable-operators and a few American merchants.) Thus, thanks to these two cables, in spite of being geographically almost out of civilization, St.-Pierre is pretty well in touch with the entire globe, for press despatches are continually passing over the barren rock in both directions. Of course no one is supposed to see—or to remember, if he does see—any of the messages that come up out of the ocean on one side of the island and dive down into it again on the other. Nevertheless, news of events of great moment cannot be suppressed. The people of St.-Pierre were probably the first in America to know of the murder of President Carnot. The startling message suddenly trickled out of the siphon recorder in the busy cable office, and the operator who received it quietly called the manager. Contrary to all rule and precedent, the manager took the message as it passed on to Cape Cod, and went with the news to the governor's house. Half an hour later the entire colony knew of Carnot's death, and little St.-Pierre had her flags at half-mast an hour or more before the Western World was aware of Santo's crime.

For rugged scenery St.-Pierre may well be commended to the traveller. The rocks that rise up back of the town, lichen-covered and moss-grown, reach their greatest altitude in the Pain de Sucre and the Grande Vigie, about a thousand and twelve hundred feet high respectively. From these eminences the shores of Newfoundland are plainly seen. When it has been foggy and the mist is blowing away, leaving the air clearer, the bold shores of the opposite coast seem to rise up out of the water and to move up closer to St.-Pierre. It is an optical illusion which the natives say betokens rain. The path leading up to these heights is somewhat rough as soon as the town is left behind. It passes over Calvary Hill, where rises the tall crucifix, such as may be seen in almost every French fishing-village; then it crosses the highway that leads to L'Anse au Savoyard, and tangles itself up in the rocks and mosses of the mountain. The panorama of the bay and harbor from the Pain de Sucre is grand, and the silence of the region is impressive. Far below lies the busy little port, and dark-sailed luggers may be seen moving in and out among the rocks; yet on the mountain-top there is no sound. Langlade and Grande Miquelon lie over to the north—barren islands with abrupt shores, but less mountainous than St.-Pierre. A sandy beach, about three miles long, binds these two greater islands, and along that bar lie the bleaching ribs of hundreds of vessels that have gone ashore in the storm, where they thought there was a passage between the islands. Probably the most picturesque spot on Langlade is the Cap Percé, a sort of natural arch of rock, which juts out into the ocean, and is tall enough to admit of a schooner's passing beneath it.

The mail-steamer remains in port long enough for the active traveller to see all these things, but not long enough for him to satiate himself with the charms and delights of the quaint old village. The hospitality of the inhabitants is unsurpassable. Few of them speak a word of English, but they are all *désolé* that they cannot do more for their visitors. If we had accepted every glass of wine that was offered to us during our brief stay in the town we should have been carried away hopeless inebriates.

And so the time passes rapidly. The evenings are pleasant in the odd little cafés, where buxom waiter-girls serve the best of Madeira and sherry, brought over in sail-boats direct from Spain. And then there is the delicious French cooking of Madame Coste's *pension*, and Madame Coste herself and her two daughters, who sit in the doorway and talk of the great outside world they have never seen. They marvel that you are not Canadians, and they cannot conceive that, being Americans, you should not come from Boston, which to them is a synonym for United States. They wonder why you travel so far to see such a very little town, and when you tell them that to you the place is attractive and picturesque, they shrug their shoulders and say, "*Mon Dieu! St.-Pierre ce n'est pas grand'chose!*" Perhaps, madame, but it is worth a visit.

FURTHER REMINISCENCES OF OLD NEW YORK.

BY CHAS. H. HASWELL, C.E.

THE favor with which my recital of customs and incidents in my *Reminiscences* of this city, 1816 to 1860, has been received induces me to present the following additions, which at the time of my writing I omitted to give as fully as I should have done, in order that the customs and conveniences of the period given might be recorded in evidence of the difference existing between the past and present periods. And there were also some customs omitted, they not occurring to me at the time of former writing, and I now essay to furnish them.

Under a militia law existing during an early period of the *Reminiscences* all citizens within certain periods of age, with the usual exceptions of clergymen, physicians, etc., were annually summoned to present themselves at the rendezvous of the regiment within the precincts of which they resided, for inspection, armed and equipped according to law, viz., with musket and cross-belt sustaining bayonet and cartridge-box, where they were duly registered and subsequently ordered to appear for parade, when they were formed into companies and marched to a convenient location, where they were formed into a regiment and paraded (not marched) up town to some favorable location for manœuvring, usually Potter's Field (subsequently Washington Square). As there were no requirements as to uniformity of dress, it frequently occurred that some facetious person, unmindful of the dignity of his position as a defender of the State and country, would array himself fantastically, to the annoyance of the officers and the amusement of the spectators. On one of these occasions a well-known person, whose store was at a corner of Burling Slip and Water Street, appeared in a dress so offensive to the captain of the company that he detached and detailed him as a guard on the Slip, with directions to remain there until the return of the company; to which the culprit replied, "Burling Slip shall be here when you return, or I'm a dead man." On a holiday in the fall of the year it was quite customary to organize a parade of mock-soldiers, on which occasions the ingenuity of the participants was exercised to present themselves as ridiculous and grotesque as was practicable, the animus of the exhibition a desire to render the militia law ridiculous. In illustration of the character of said parades, I have a vivid recollection of seeing, on one of these occasions, one of the members bearing on his back a bird-cage tenanted by a tom-cat, and labelled "One day's ration."

In reference to the effects of the discharge from our sewers upon the water of the North and East rivers, and the presence of fish prior to their construction, I should have included porpoises, sharks, and shoals (not schools, as usually written) of mossbunkers.

Contoit's Garden, before referred to, even up to the period of its close, was the only place that was visited by ladies and gentlemen to partake of ice-cream, which was a veritable article, and very much unlike that which is now furnished. As it would have been quite impracticable to furnish silver spoons to parties occupying a dimly lighted and singly occupied box (as the enclosure was termed) before the introduction of gas-light, the ordinary pewter spoons were necessarily furnished, and ladies in visiting the garden were in the habit of bearing silver spoons with them. In the matter of dress for both sexes, matronly ladies when in full dress very generally wore turbans on their heads, with a jewelled pin in front; and gentlemen carried colored handkerchiefs, usually a red and spotted one, and never, except when in full dress, a white one. Negresses very uniformly wore upon their heads bandanna kerchiefs in turban fashion, and never, even *inter eos*, were they termed "ladies."

The absence of street stages, subsequently termed omnibuses (and which led to an extended controversy between both American and English writers as to whether omnibi was not the proper word), except one to Greenwich village and one to Harlem, rendered local travel, visiting, and school attendance very onerous. The late Hamilton Fish resided in Stuyvesant Street, the brothers Macbrair in Middle Road, above Twenty-third Street, and they all walked down to 57 Franklin Street (one half of the building is now standing); and I, when entering upon my profession, daily walked from Warren Street to the foot of Cherry Street and back, reporting myself at 6 A.M. in seven months of the year, and at 7 in the other portions.

In consequence of the absence of any substations, post-office letter-boxes, or any public or private facility, a person living in the extremes of the city, even at Greenwich, Bloomingdale, Yorkville, Manhattanville, etc., having to post a letter, had to proceed with it to the post-office in William Street, corner of Garden (Exchange Place).

A London editor, in noticing my book, expresses himself in a very complimentary manner, but records his surprise at the absence of reference to painting and arts—a criticism that can readily be responded to. Thus, in the early periods referred to, with the exception of the portraits of the Governors of the State and Mayors of the city, Generals Macomb and Scott, Commodores Decatur and Chauncey, and Captain Lawrence, there were not any public paintings in existence; and with the exception of those in the Rotunda referred to at p. 270, there were no others open to the public, and not any private collection of sufficient extent to invite a request to visit them.

Of private galleries I recollect or knew of but the one of Des Brosses Hunter at Hunter's Island; those of Messrs. Aspinwall, Belmont, Harper, and De Wolf were of a much later period. As to other forms of art, we had none, with the exception of the monument to General Montgomery in St. Paul's Church; Captain Lawrence's column in Trinity Church Yard, at the corner of Lumber (now Church) and Rector streets, since removed and replaced with a monument on Broadway; George Frederick Cooke's in St. Paul's Church Yard; and the City Hall, which to this day is unsurpassed in the integrity and harmony of its proportions and design.

In giving a detail of the deficiency of conveniences in the early period referred to, I omitted giving proper significance to several. Thus, the modern bath-room in houses, and its attendant convenience, were wholly unknown until after the introduction of the Croton water in 1842. Elevators in buildings for individuals, with the exception of one in the Fifth Avenue Hotel in this city in 1859, the first one, were not known.

It was not until many years after the early period embraced in these records that spring beds were introduced: the custom, except in a few cases in the city, but universally in the country, was to use feather beds.

Of the hotels and their equipments and conveniences, compared with those of a later period and even within the term assigned in these *Reminiscences*, the differences are so many and so great that they are well worthy of record.

Thus, there were not any elevators, and hence the transit to the upper stories of one was a severe operation to both guests and servants. In the deficiency of annunciators, it was necessary to lead a wire from each room to a bell in the office, and that its announcement might readily be observed, they were attached to the walls of the office, and being held by a curved spring, their vibration when pulled from above designated their number and that of the room from which they were vibrated.

It was told of Mr. Stetson, one of the late landlords of the Astor House, that when he was in the office of the Tremont House, in Boston, he became so familiar with the sound of most of the different bells, some fifty or more, that he would promptly designate the number of them when sounding without looking at them.

Noticing in a recent publication that the number of policemen in the city has been increased so as to number over three thousand, I am of the conviction that when the number was but twelve, criminals were more than proportionally less in number than they now are to the present number of policemen. It was not until about 1850 that policemen were detailed to attend public assemblages, and not until some years later to be present at private entertainments, etc.

The sidewalks, with the exception of a great portion of Broadway, were mostly laid with brick, frequently with a width of flag-stone in their centre, and in the absence of street sewers, rain and snow water from the roofs of buildings were led over the sidewalks to the street gutters, rendering the former either wet or slippery with ice, according to the temperature of the weather.

Shop and store keepers were without carts of delivery, hence all purchases were either borne home by the purchaser or delivered by a boy. Of book-stands and of newspaper-stands there were none.

Parlors of dwellings were devoid of all articles of furniture and accessories except those of utility, as carpet, hearth-rug, centre table, chairs, sofa, lamps, candlesticks, looking-glass, and piano, and the walls with some family portraits. Ottomans and lounges had not yet been introduced, and *tête-à-têtes* and bric-à-brac were unknown.

"THE VINTAGE."*

A STORY OF THE GREEK WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

BY E. F. BENSON.

CHAPTER VII.—(*Continued.*)

HALF an hour later he and Kanaris, captain of the boat, were breakfasting together, and Nicholas was explaining to him exactly what the weakness of the movement was and how he could help. He wished him, he said, to continue to exercise his trade for the sake of appearances, but always to be ready at a moment's notice. When the outbreak took place it was certain that many of the Turks, especially those on the sea-coast, would try to escape by sea. This must be stopped. They were not going to embark on any polite diplomatic war; for them war meant destruction on one side or the other. He told him in detail how this means of escape was to be cut off, as will later appear, and as he unfolded his bloody plan Kanaris's heart burned within him, and he promised in the name of God to help him to gather the red vintage of their oppressors.

About mid-day the wind went down and they lay becalmed again. But Nicholas, who, as he had said, was never in a hurry when he was going as quickly as he could, felt that his time was not being wasted in the least. Kanaris was the head of a big clan at Spetzas, and for generations he and his had been seafaring folk, men of the wind and wave, and the contingents he might raise would be valuable. Nicholas promised, if possible, to come to Spetzas himself before the year was out, but he said that his hands were very full and he could pledge no certainty.

They lay tossing about for three hours or more, for the wind of the morning had roughened the narrow sea, which so quickly gets up under a squall from the mountains, and the great green billows came chasing each other down from the east beneath a brilliant autumn sun, which turned them into living, rejoicing things. The boat, lying low in the water with its heavy cargo, reeled and rolled like a drunken man, alternately lifting up its sides, ashine with the sea, over the crest of a wave, and burying itself again in its trough. The sun drew out from the crates of figs their warm odor of luxuriance and autumn, which hung heavily round the boat, but every now and then a puff of wind would come and blow it all away, letting in the salt freshness of the sea.

By four o'clock, however, the wind, still favorable, sprang up again, and on they went towards the sunset, the black mass of the boat parting and burrowing through the waves, and throwing off from its sides sheets of spent foam. As the hours went by Kanaris felt more and more the fascination and power of this strange man, and after dinner they sat together in the stern watching the heavens reel and roll about them, and the tip of the mast striking wildly right and left across a hundred stars. Nicholas sat on the taffrail, balancing himself exquisitely to every movement of the boat, and talking in his wonderful low voice of a thousand things. For no one knew better than himself his own strength, and how individual it was; and the success of his efforts at present had been, like the love which Mitsos bore him, the result of his personal power, which could fan into a flame the smouldering hatred against the Turks, which might have smouldered forever had it not been for him.

Germanos, the Metropolitan Bishop of Patras, had just got up next morning when his messenger came back, having travelled through the night, to announce Nicholas's coming, and also to report the same talk in the cafés which Kanaris had heard. The Bishop smiled to himself at the idea of anything unforeseen happening to Nicholas, and told his servant, whom he implicitly trusted, to let it be widely known that Nicholas had been taken and killed.

"For," as he said, "the Turks will be delighted to believe that, and men always succeed in believing what they wish; and all Greeks who have ever heard of Nicholas will know that it is one of those things which do not happen. Tell them I am ready for breakfast, and let a room for the poor dead man be got ready."

Germanos was a splendid specimen of a Greek of unmixed blood, now nearly or quite extinct. His family came from the island of Delos, which the Turks had never troubled about, and they only married with islanders. He was rather above middle height, and his long black cassock made him appear taller. In accordance with Greek rite, neither his hair nor beard had ever been cut, and the former flowed black and thick on to his shoulders, and his beard fell in full rippling lines down as far as his waist. Though for three or four years his life had been one long effort of organizing his countrymen against the Turks, the latter had never suspected anything of the kind, and he intended to take the fullest advantage of their misplaced confidence in him.

Though Germanos had not trodden the world as widely as Nicholas had done, he was, nevertheless, what we should now call a man of the world, shrewd, witty, and educated. And Nicholas, too—though for the sake of the great cause he would have condemned himself cheerfully never to speak to a man of his own rank and breeding again—found it a pleasant chance, after his incessant wanderings among peasants, to mix with his own kind again. His few days with Constantine at Nauplia, it is true, he had enjoyed, for it was impossible not to be happy when that apostle of happiness, the little Mitsos, was by, and Constantine too was often salt of the earth. He only arrived in the evening just before dinner, and they sat down together as soon as he had washed.

"I have got hold of a good man, I think, to-day," said Nicholas. "I told him he might come and talk to you to-morrow. I would have brought him with me, but he was busy with his fig cargo."

"My dear Nicholas, you are indefatigable. I don't believe there is a man in the world but you who would wake at dawn on the gulf and instantly set about making a proselyte. Why did you think him promising?"

"From what he said about the Turk and the new harbor dues at Corinth."

The Bishop frowned.

"New harbor dues! It is time to think of harbor dues when there is a harbor."

"So he said," answered Nicholas. "Apparently they simply seized a lot of his cargo."

"We are commanded," remarked Germanos, "to love all men. I do not know whether I love the Turk, but I am certain I do not like him. And I hope it will please God to remove as many as possible of his kind to the kingdom of the blest or elsewhere without delay. I say so in my prayers."

Nicholas smiled.

"That sounds rather like an ecclesiastical quibble," said he. "You pray not for their destruction, but for their speedy salvation. Is that it?"

"To 'love all men' is a hard saying. I find that I have to try and adapt it to the exigencies of our position. I am quite certain that the removal of that nation will be for the permanent good of mankind. What does the Psalmist say? 'I will wash my footsteps in the blood of the ungodly.'"

"As far as I can learn, the ungodly were expecting to wash their footsteps in my blood at Corinth," said Nicholas; "but they behaved thoroughly characteristically. They expected me twenty-four hours after I had got away."

"How did things go at Nauplia?"

"Better than I could possibly have expected. I found the very man, or rather boy, I wanted in my young nephew."

"How old is he?"

"Eighteen, but six feet high, and the foot of a roedeer on the mountains. Moreover, I can trust him to the death."

"Eighteen is too young, surely," said Germanos. "Although you can trust many people to just short of that point, they are the most dangerous of all to work with. I could sooner work with a man I could not trust as far as a toothache."

In answer Nicholas told him of the test to which he had put Mitsos, and Germanos listened with interest and horror.

"You are probably right, then, and I am wrong," he said. "But how could you do it? Are you flesh and blood, and a young boy like that?"

"Yes, it was horrible," said Nicholas; "but it was necessary. I knew by it that he was one in a thousand. He did not turn a hair."

"What do you propose to do with him now?"

"That is what I came to talk to you about. It is time to set to work in earnest. He must go from village to village, especially round Sparta, and tell them to begin what I told them, and to be ready."

"What did you tell them to begin?" asked Germanos.

"Can you ask? Surely to grind black corn for the Turk. You say you are collecting arms here?"

"Not here; at the monastery at Megaspélaion. Many of them have been bought from the Turks themselves. There is a sting in that. The monks carry them in among the maize and bamboo stalks. Father Priketes was met the other day by a couple of their little Turkish soldiers, who asked why they were carrying so many bamboo stalks, and he said it was to mend the roof. Bamboo stalks would make a capital roof."

"Yes, the monastery roof will want a deal of mending," said Nicholas. "Do you suppose they suspect anything?"

"Certainly; but they have nothing to act on; besides, I would be willing to let them search the monastery from top to bottom. Do you remember the chapel there, and the great altar?"

"Surely."

"The flag-stones under the altar have been taken up and a hole made into the crypt. The door into the crypt which opens from the passage in the floor below has been completely blocked up and covered with the panelling which ran along the passage and continues in the library. It was taken away from behind the case in the library and patched into the crypt head. It is impossible to detect it. Mehemet Salik, the new Governor in Tripolitza, was there only last week and examined the whole place."

"That is good," said Nicholas. "Your doing, I suppose. How many guns have you?"

"About a thousand, and twice as many swords. In another month we shall be ready. Megaspélaion is a far better centre than this at present as it is so much nearer Tripolitza. That is where the struggle will begin."

"Who knows?" said Nicholas. "When we are ready we will apply the match at the most convenient spot. Personally I should prefer—" He stopped.

"Well?"

"It is this," said Nicholas. "It is no gallant and polite war we want. We do not want to make terms, or treaties, or threats. We want to strike and have done with it—to exterminate. I should prefer, if possible, striking the first blow either at Kalamata or Nauplia. Then the dogs from all round would run yelping into Tripolitza, as it is their strongest place, and so at the end there would be none left."

"Exterminate is no Christian word, Nicholas. The women and the children?"

"The women and children," said Nicholas, rising and pacing up and down the room, "what are they to me? Once when I was an outlaw I spared them—yes, and spared the men too, only sending them riding back with their faces to their horses' tails. But did they spare my wife and my child? If there is a God in heaven, I will show them the mercy they showed me."

Germanos was silent a few minutes, and waited till Nicholas had sat down again.

"Will you drink more wine?" he asked. "If not, we will sit on the balcony; it is hot to-night. I think you are right about striking the first blow somewhere in the south, so that they shall go to Tripolitza. I had thought before that it would be better to strike in two or three places at once. But your plan seems to me the better. Come outside, Nicholas. We have talked of this enough for to-night."

Germanos's house stood just out of the town, high up on the hill which was crowned by the castle, and from his balcony they could see the twinkling lights in the fort below, beyond the stretch of dark water, and dimly on the other side of the gulf the hill above Missolonghi shouldering itself up in the faint black distance. The moon had risen above the castle behind them, and turned the whole world to silver and ebony. Cicalas chirped in the bushes, and the fragrance of the southern night came drowsily along the wind. Every now and then a noise would rise up for a moment in the town, shrill to its highest, and die away again.

A boy brought them out coffee made thick and sweet in the Turkish manner, and two narghilehs with amber mouth-pieces and brazen bowls for holding the coarse-cut tobacco. On each he placed a glowing charcoal ember, and handed the mouth-pieces to the two men. For a while they sat in silence, and then Nicholas spoke:

"It will be no time for mercy. I shall go where my vow leads me, and I have vowed to spare neither man, woman, nor child. I will show them the mercy they showed me, neither more nor less."

"God make you merciful on that day, as you hope for mercy!" said Germanos. "For me, I shall not be a party to any butchering of the defenceless. There will be plenty of butchers without me. A battle has to be fought; it must be so, it cannot be otherwise. Fight and spare not, but when the fighting is over let the rest go out of the country, for we will not have them here. But their blood shall not be upon my head. I will not make myself no better than a Turk."

The two narghilehs bubbled in silence again for a few minutes, and at last Germanos broke in with a laugh.

"The Turks all think you are dead," he said. "I told Dimitri to let it be widely known that you had been killed at Corinth. It is just as well they should believe it: that sleepy old Mohamed Achmet was here this afternoon, and he regretted it with deep-seated enjoyment. They seemed to know all about you here."

"They don't know me by sight," said Nicholas, "and as I am dead they never will. It is possible it will prove useful to me."

"As you say, it may prove useful. What are your plans for to-morrow? We will do what you like. It might be useful to you to see Megaspélaion. We could get there in a day if the wind held to Aigion. They have, as I said, a curious little crypt there which is worth a visit."

Nicholas smiled.

"It is impossible for a man to see too much," he said, "just as it is impossible for a man to pretend to know too little. I would give a small fortune to have a face like my brother-in-law Constantine, for it is as a mask in Carnival time, behind which who knows what may be? Yet Mitsos obeys him as—as he obeys me."

"Perhaps Mitsos has not fallen in love yet. That sometimes causes ruptures."

"The little one in love would be fine," said Nicholas. "He would send the whole world to the devil. Why, shooting is the strongest passion he has known yet, and he does it as if all the saints were watching him."

"I hope some of them are," remarked Germanos, "and that they will especially watch him when he is inclined to send the whole world to the devil. I hope Mitsos will not think of including me."

"I will warn him when I see him next time. I shall go on there, I think, in November. I must get back to Maina first and see my cousin Petros Mavronischales, who is the head of the clan, and find out if the clan are prepared to rise in a body. But we shall want Mitsos most, I expect, by sea. That man Kanaris was handy enough with his boat, but I could back Mitsos to sail against him in any weather."

"Ah, that fire-ship is a horrible idea of yours, Nicholas!"

"Horrible, but necessary. We can't have supplies of arms and gunpowder coming in to the Turks by sea, and there must be no escape out of the death-trap which we will snap down on them. And now let me tell you all that is in my mind, for it may be we shall not meet again till the vintage is ripe for the gathering."

Kanaris had finished his unlading the same evening, and he readily consented to take Nicholas and Germanos as far as Vostitza, a fishing village lying some four miles from the mouth of the gorge at the top of which stands Megaspélaion. Here the Archbishop and Nicholas would get mules, and reach the monastery the same evening. Vostitza, with a fair wind, was not more than four hours from Patras, and on arriving there the Archbishop went straight to the house of the Turkish Governor, from whom he procured mules, and to whom he introduced Nicholas as his cousin; and the three talked together awhile, discussed the idle rumors that were going about concerning a movement against the Turks among the Greeks, and found certain comfort in the undoubted fact that Nicholas had been killed two days before at Corinth. He was a turbulent, hot-headed man, said the Archbishop, and did not value the blessings of peace. His cousin also had met him—a quarrelsome, wine-bibbing fellow. He could have had no fitter end than the brawl in a wine-shop.

They staid talking an hour or so while their mules were being procured, and Said Aga was much relieved to find that Germanos laughed at anything being on foot among the Greeks. True, there had been disturbances lately; a Turkish tax-collector had been killed at Diakophton, three miles from Vostitza. Had they not heard? The news came yesterday.

"Alas for this unruly people!" said Germanos. "How did it happen?"

"I hardly know," said Said Aga. "It was the usual story, I believe. He had taken to himself a fresh woman, and the husband killed him. The man has fled, but they will catch him, and he will suffer and then die. For me, I shrug my shoulders at these things. We Turks have certain customs, and the Prophet himself had four wives, and when we are lords of the country we must be obeyed."

"True," said Nicholas, "quite true; and we must submit. It is not the will of God that all men should be equal."

He caught Germanos's eye for a moment.

"I am glad that you think there is nothing in these rumors," went on Said Aga. "The Greeks would hardly be so foolish as to attempt anything of the sort. But the rumors are somewhat persistent. It was even said that the monks at Megaspélaion were collecting arms; and my colleague, Mehemet Salik—a very energetic man, who is soon to be in charge of Tripolitza—thought best to make an inspection of it. But he was quite satisfied there was no truth in it."

Germanos laughed heartily. "That is a little too much," he said. "You may, at least, rest assured that we priests of God are men of peace. Our mules, they tell me, are ready. A thousand thanks, Excellency, for your kindness."

They rode in silence for some little way through the straggling village street, paved with big, uneven stones. The villagers were all out in the fields for the fruit har-

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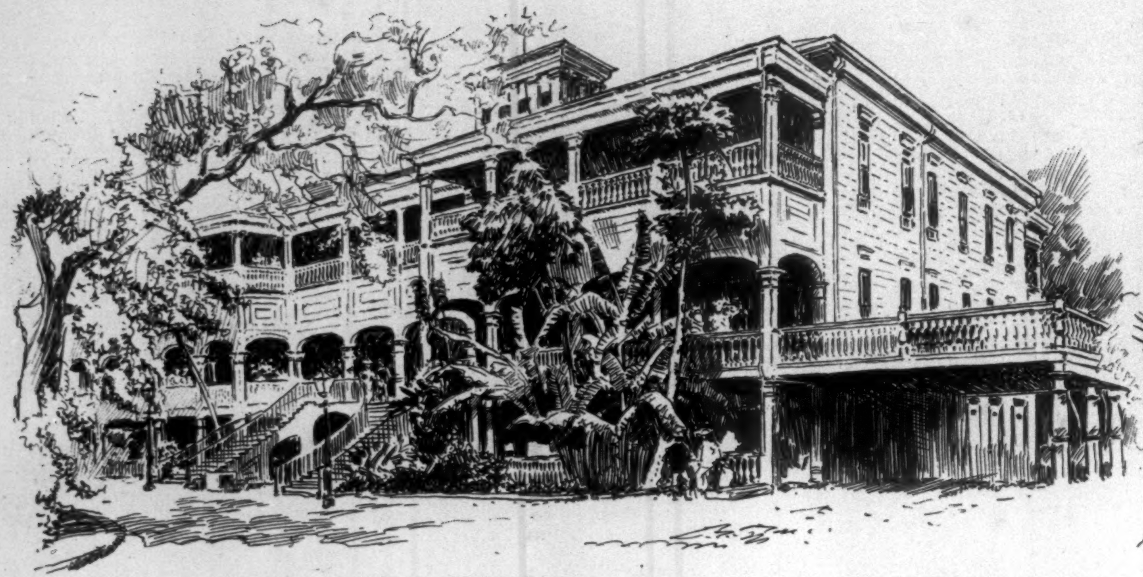
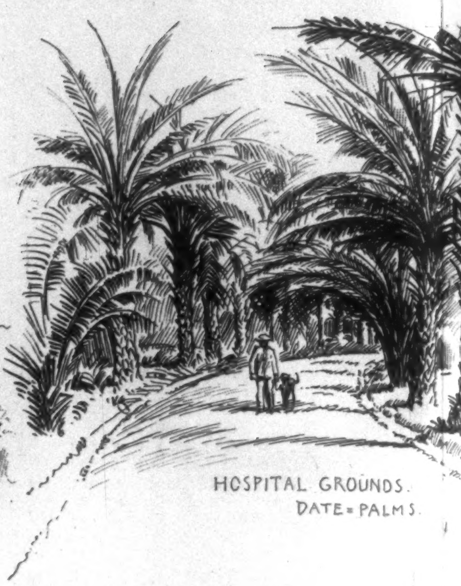
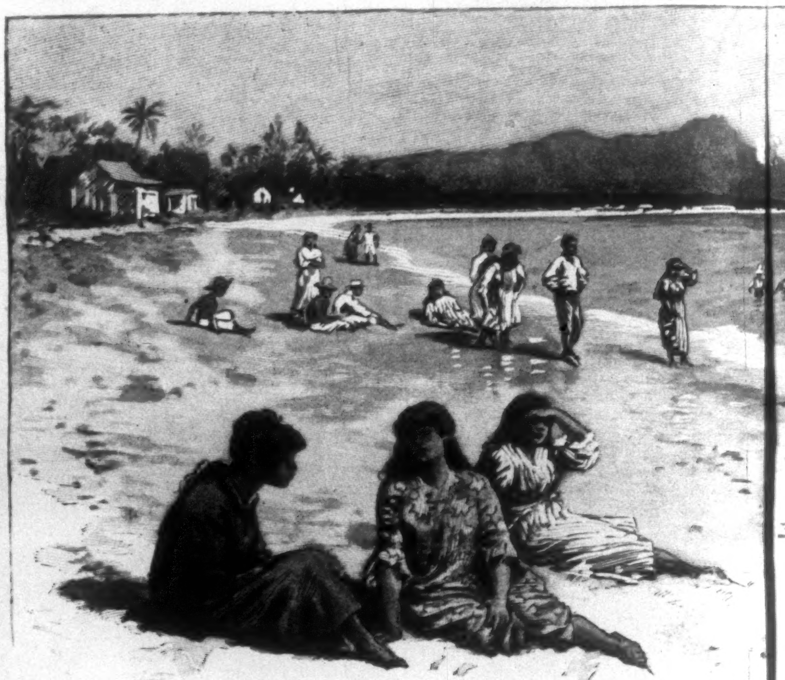
* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2115.

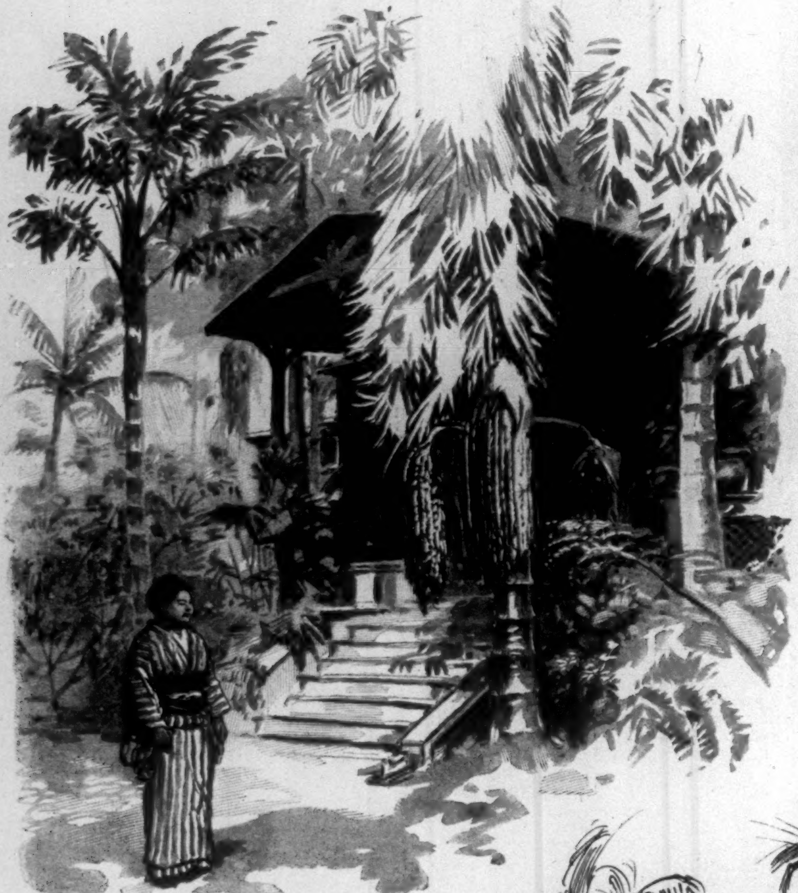


HAWAIIAN HOTEL.

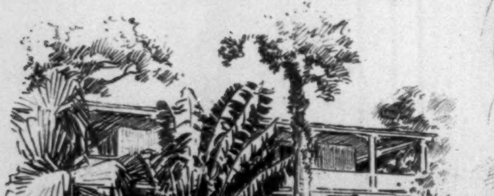


HOSPITAL GROUNDS.
DATE-PALMS.



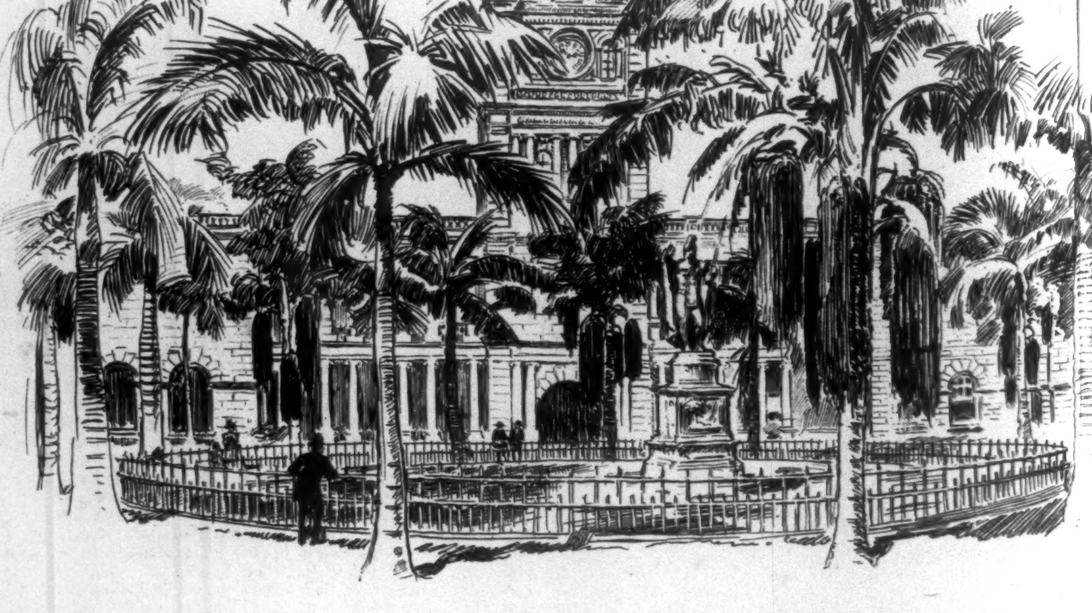


PRESIDENT DOLE'S HOUSE.



DR. McGREW'S RESIDENCE.

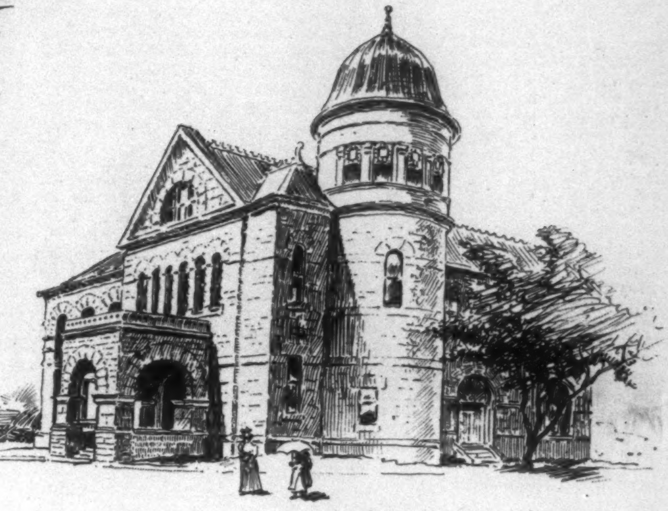
W. A. Rogers.



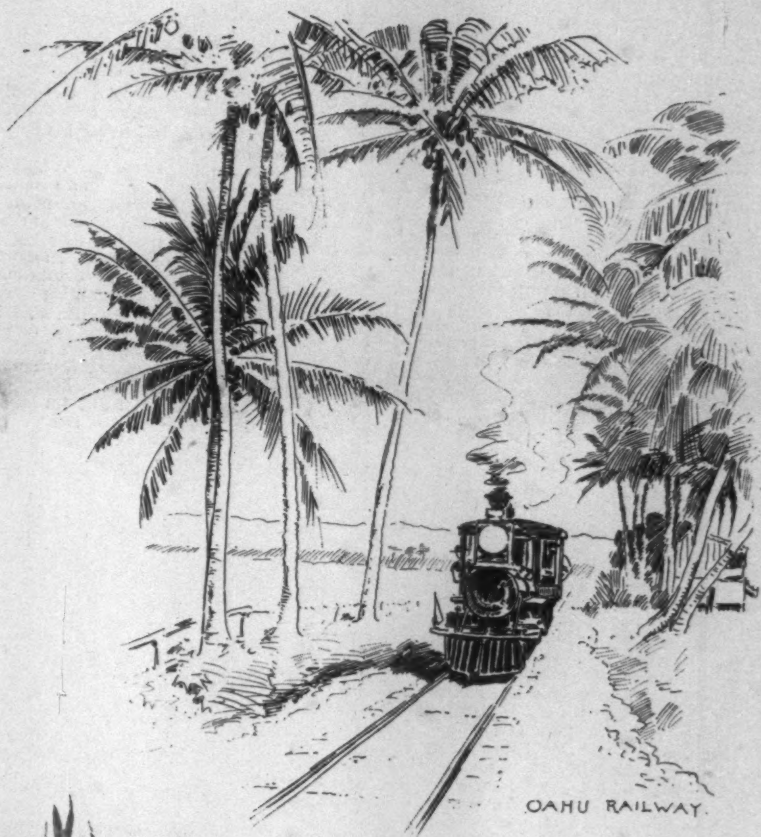
JUDICIARY BUILDING.

THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS—SCENES IN HONOLULU AND THE ISLA

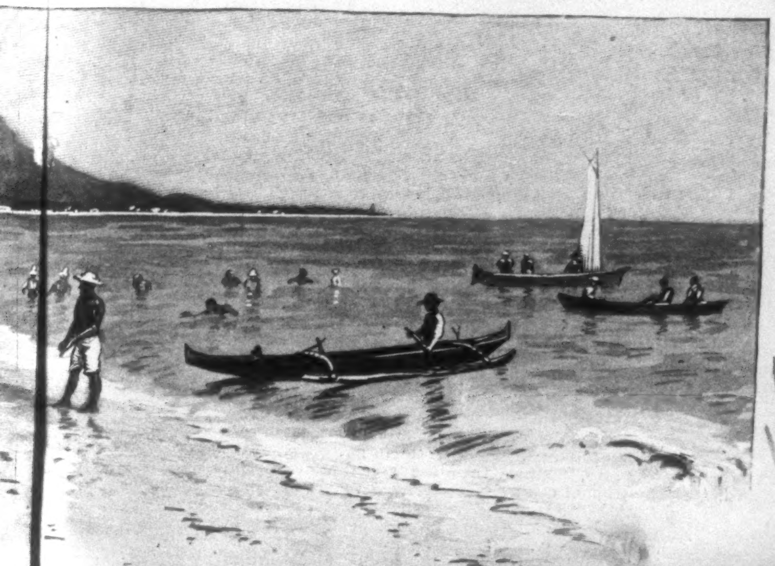
S.
MS.



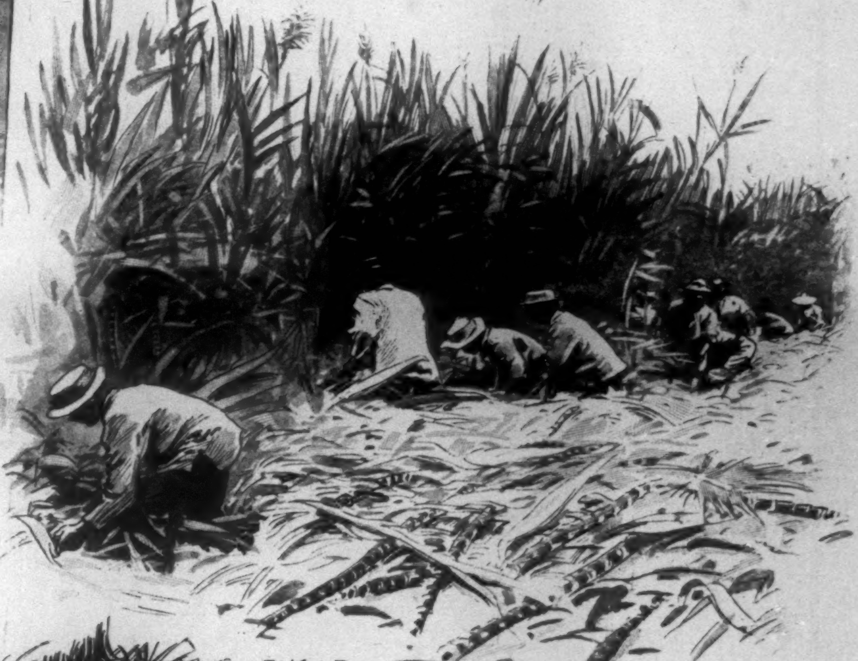
THE KAMEHAMEHA SCHOOL.



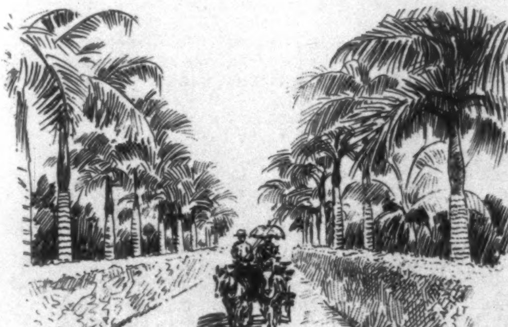
OAHU RAILWAY.



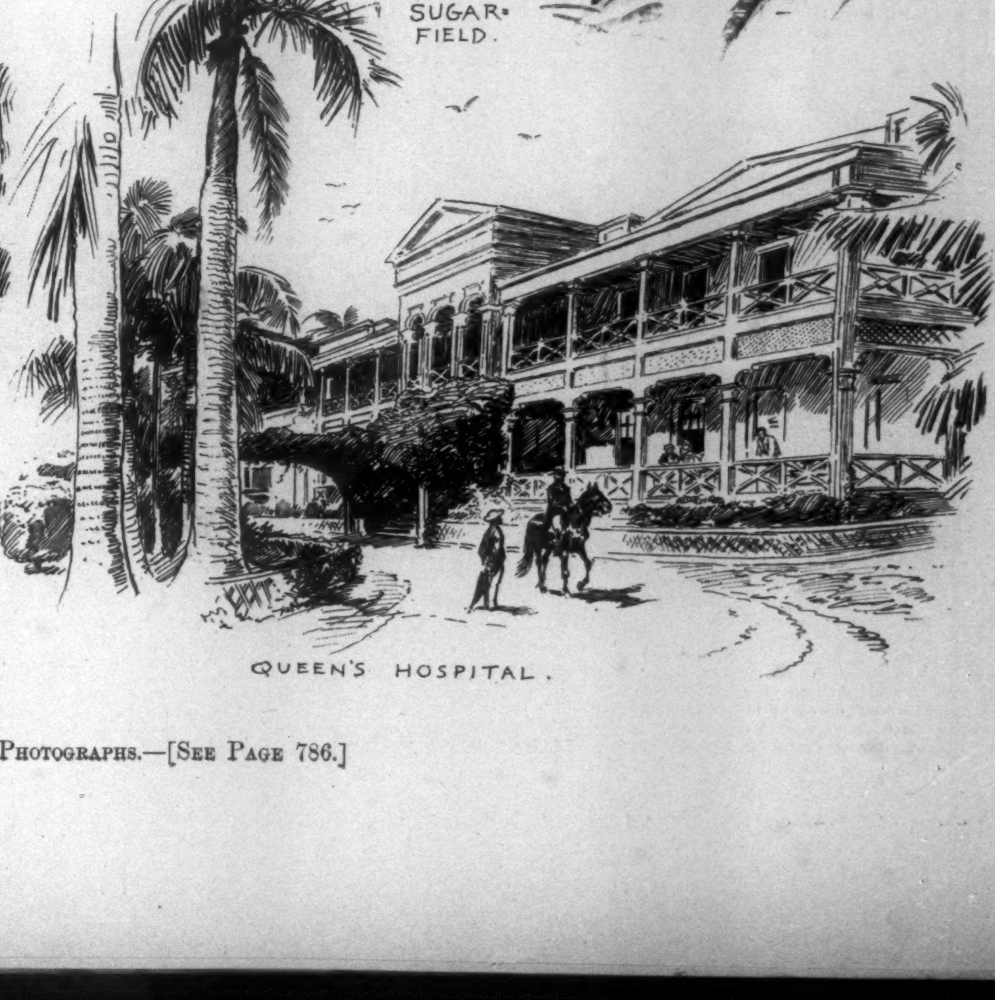
BATHING BEACH
NEAR HONOLULU.



SUGAR FIELD.



ROYAL PALMS.



QUEEN'S HOSPITAL.

LAND OF OAHU.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers from Photographs.—[See Page 786.]

vest, and the rough, shaggy-haired dogs keeping watch in the deserted house-yards came rushing out, barking and snarling with bared teeth at the sound of the mules, with their tinkling bells and iron-shod feet grating on the cobbles as they passed. The mule-boys paid little attention to their noisy menaces, though now and then some dog, more savage or less wisely valorous than his fellows, would come within stick distance, only to be sent back with better cause for crying than before.

But in ten minutes or so they got clear of the village, and taking one of the field roads, struck across the plain towards the mouth of the gorge, about five miles distant. The grapes were not yet so far advanced as at Nauplia, and would not be ready for gathering for six weeks, but the fruit harvest was going on, and under the fig-trees were spread coarse strips of matting, on which the fragrant piles were laid to dry. A few late pomegranate-trees were still covered with their red waxlike blossoms, but on most the petals had fallen, and the fruit, like little green-glazed pitchers, was beginning to swell towards maturity. The men were at work in the vineyards cutting channels for the water, and through the green of the fig-trees you could catch sight every now and then of the brightly colored petticoat of some woman picking figs, or else her presence was only indicated, where the leaves were thicker, by the dumping of the ripe fruit on to the canvas strips below. The sun was right overhead before they struck the mouth of the gorge, and the heat intense; even the cicalas were silent for an hour or two. But as they approached the gorge a cold wind blew down from between the enormous crags, bearing on it the voice of the brawling torrent which is fed by the snows of Cyllene and Helmos, and never runs dry.

Here the country was given up to olives and wheat, and occasional clumps of maize near the bed of the stream. The oleanders were still in flower, and their great clumps of pink blossom marked the course of the river. Another mile took them to the ford, on the other side of which the road began to ascend through the ever-narrowing gorge. Further up they found it impossible to keep to the course of the stream; the road had been washed away in places, and leaving it on their right, they turned up over a steep grassy stretch of moor, sprinkled here and there with pines. Looking back, they could see below them the hot luxuriant plain they had left, sleeping and palpitating under the blue haze of heat, and further off the shimmering waters of the gulf. As they ascended, the vegetation changed, pines entirely took the place of the olives, and the grass, all brown and dead from the summer's heat below, began to be flushed with green, and studded with wild campanulas and little blue gentians throbbing with color. Then, descending again, they passed along the upper slope of the cliffs above the gorge, and saw before them the deep sheltered valley stretching up to Kalavryta, a land of streams and a garden of the Lord.

The sun was already near its setting when they joined the main road leading up to the monastery from the valley, and they struck into a train of some half-dozen mules laden with long bamboo stalks, the tops of which brushed along the ground behind. Two of the monks from the monastery were in charge of these, and when they saw who it was with Nicholas they stopped and kissed the Archbishop's hands. As they moved forward again, he said:

"I see you are carrying bamboo stalks, my sons. From where did they come?"

"From Kalavryta," said one. "We have six mules laden with them."

"That is good. Observe, Nicholas, how fine these bamboos are. They seem to be a heavy load. The monastery roof, they say, wants mending."

The younger of the two monks smiled.

"A great many things want mending, father!" he said. "We are making preparations for mending them."

Nicholas, who was in front, checked his mule.

"And have you black corn?" he said. "Good black corn for the Turk?"

The monk shook his head.

"I do not understand," he said.

Germanos smiled back at Nicholas.

"A roof for the monastery first, Nicholas," he said. "There will be time for the black corn when the roof is mended. And now, my son, I will ask you to go forward quickly and tell Father Priketes, with my salutations, that my cousin and I will arrive very soon. We shall stop with him for a day, or it may be two, for we wish to superintend this mending of the monastery roof, and see that it is well done for the glory of God."

Another half an hour's quiet riding brought them in sight of the monastery, which from the distance was indistinguishable from the face of the cliff against which it was built. Hundreds of lights shone from the narrow windows, row above row, some from the height of all its twelve stories twinkling a hundred feet above them, as if from cottages perched high on the cliff; others larger and nearer, from the windows of the sacristy and library. To the right stood the great gateway, about which several moving lanterns showed that the news of their coming had already reached, and that preparation was being made to receive the Archbishop. As they got close they could see that the monks were pouring out of the arch and taking their places in rows on each side of the terrace leading up to the gate. In front of them stood the novices, some mere boys of fourteen or fifteen, but all dressed alike, and all with long uncut hair flowing on to their shoulders. In the centre of the gateway a tall white-haired figure stood, Father Priketes, who helped the Archbishop to dismount, and then knelt to receive his blessing. Germanos paused a moment as he entered, and said in a loud voice to them all,

"The peace of God be upon this holy house and all within it, and His blessing be upon the work"—here he paused for a moment—"upon the work you are doing."

Nicholas was already known to Father Priketes, but the latter looked as if he had seen a ghost when he caught sight of him.

"We heard you were dead!" he said.

Nicholas smiled.

"I am delighted to hear it, father," he said. "Do not destroy the idea, if you please."

"I see your repairs are going on steadily," said Germanos. "We passed some laden mules on the way. Nicholas wished to see what you were doing. He is—how shall I say it?—our overseer; we are the workmen. He will tell us when the work must be finished. Let us go at once to the chapel, my brother, and thank St. Luke, your founder, and the Blessed Virgin that they brought us here safe. That is the first duty of a priest of God."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HAWAII NEI.

Oh, the fascination of the Isles of Hawaii!

Wherein does it lie? Many a traveller has tried to tell of it, but has succeeded in leaving his listeners only with a vague idea in which mosquitoes, lightly passed over but yet undisputed, and a home mail that comes seldom enough to make "steamer day" an event, remain uppermost in the mind which cannot grasp the elusive something that lies not in the climate, nor in the people, nor in the scenery, nor in the life, but may combine a little of each and something more besides. And this subtle attraction, this indefinable charm, which makes us always think of *Hawaii nei* with a stir at the heart caused by a never-dying *aloha* for the sunny, beautiful land, is felt even before we set foot on its shores.

We are conscious of it as we glide through the still blue waters into air that grows more balmy and more delicious.

Hawaii, with its internal fires, home of the volcano; Maui, with its extinct crater and its lofty awe-inspiring mountain, Haleakala (House of the Sun); and Molokai, the leper island, with its long, bleak outline and sad associations, are left behind; Koko Head, the extinct crater at the extreme end of the island of Oahu, is passed; slowly we sail by picturesque Diamond Head, curving its long length against the sky, seeming, in its majesty of outline, its calm still dignity, and its sturdy demeanor, to hold an everlasting watch over the valleys and [illegible] Honolulu, lying at its feet, and at the same time proving a delight to the heart of Oahu, whose sentinel it is, by its ever-changing beauty of tone and color. Past the cocoanut-trees that wave along the shores; past Manoa Valley, the home of the rainbow; and finally past "Naval Row," with its men-of-war anchored in imposing array in the harbor that looks far too peaceful and lazy and quiet to need them, except for social advantages. And then up to the wharf, near to the crowd waiting for the arrival of their favorite ship, *Australia*. Japanese, Chinese, Portuguese, Hawaiian, American, English, French, German—what nationality is not represented?

The white duck suits of the men, the pretty light muslins of the women stand next to the *kimono* of Japan, the blue blouse of the coolie, and the *holoku* of the *lei*-bedecked dusky belles of Hawaii.

The waves, as they break on the sand,
Sing *Aloha* and bid us to land.

And "*Aloha*," "*Aloha*," "*Aloha oe*," is shouted from the wharf with the same warmth of welcome, whether it be in the musical native voice with soft accent or in the straightforward American tones that level each syllable to a basis of equality.

And "*Aloha*" is shouted back from the upper and lower decks of the now slowly advancing *Australia*.

Nearer and nearer draws the big ship.

"Helloa, Jim, glad to see you back," calls a stout, good-natured-looking man, pushing his way through the crowd. "What's the news?"

And every ear is strained to catch the latest happenings shouted from the hurricane-deck, and everybody seems just as good-natured and careless and light-hearted, whether it be news political, the latest event in sporting circles—upon which there is sure to be many a bet—or some disaster out in the busy world, of whose cares and troubles they have been in blissful ignorance since the arrival of the last mail.

The cordial greeting, the hearty grasp of the hand by the hospitable resident, his interested flattering concern for the stranger, live in the recollection, and follow him, with a happy sense of future good, to the hotel where broad verandas look out upon algeroba and banana trees, luxurious brilliantly flowered vines of magenta, yellow and scarlet, and graceful royal palms.

After dinner a soft native melody lures him into the *lanai*, filled with guests in evening dress.

The yard, the pavilion, in which the musicians are gathered, and the verandas are elaborately festooned with Japanese lanterns, whose gay lights lend a fairylike aspect to the scene; the rays of a moon of tropical splendor filter down through the branches of the trees and illuminate the people and carriages, assembled in large numbers outside the grounds, for the beloved band never fails to attract an appreciative audience at the different squares where they play on each night of "full-moon week."

"*Aloha oe, aloha oe*," the refrain of the plaintive air comes floating in, and insensibly the chatter on the verandas dies away, and each one is animated by his thoughts—sad, sweet, gay, retrospective, or speculative.

"*Aloha oe, aloha oe*." Oh, the moonlight, and the melody, and the careless mirth, and the soothing softness of *Hawaii nei*. And then a dance in the *lanai* to wind up the evening.

The *lanai!* What would Honolulu be without its *lanais?* The meaning of the word is a lean-to; and the original *lanai* was an addition with a slanting roof, covered with banana leaves. It has developed.

"I am going to build a new house," said a charming if impractical owner of a lot at Waikiki, the beach of Honolulu. "My *lanai* will be sixty feet long and forty feet broad, and it is going to extend right over the sea, so that I can lie in my hammock and look way out over the vast expanse of blue waters and see no land between. It will be like a glimpse of Venice."

"But what if a *kona* comes, and the waves wash up into your *lanai*, and the force of the storm undermines its props?" suggested a practical friend.

"Oh, I don't think it will; it must not, that's all," said this lady of Waikiki, who was born in New England, but who had imbibed the spirit of Hawaii, and took more interest in the light canoe of the bounding surf than in the steady and respectable old *Mayflower*.

"And the bedrooms and your dining-room, how have you planned them?" asked Miss Practical.

"Oh, the bedrooms will be around—somewhere," answered the lady of Waikiki, vaguely. "And luckily we can bathe in the sea—bath-rooms are so expensive; and our meals, of course, we will have in the *lanai*, out in the fresh, beautiful air, and we will never go into the house excepting to sleep."

Yes, the houses of Hawaii are now built around the *lanais*. It is in the *lanai* that one lives, and the rest of the house makes but little difference.

The road to Waikiki is a dream of the bicycler's heart. From the city of Honolulu to its beach, a distance of five miles, the rider has a straight, hard, broad road, upon which the dust at the worst and driest of seasons is but light, and then a dip in the warm salt water, in which he can stay for any length of time without danger of chill; or else the beautiful shady roads through Kapiolani Park may lure him on, for the fresh trade-winds which softly blow through the summer months make wheeling a pleasurable and possible pastime.

During the winter the south wind, which the natives call "the sick wind," occasionally takes the place of the lovely trade-breezes that the islander looks upon as his right. It is then that one feels depressed, languid, unable to think or to work or even to plan a pleasure party. It is then that the new-comer falls a victim to the "boohoo fever," another name for the blues. It is then that the striped day mosquito, more vicious than his brother who only comes out after dusk, is rampant, and kid gloves must be tightly closed in glass jars to prevent their spotting; it is then that the hair of the girls becomes limp, and the desirable "fluff" is not to be attained; it is then that appetite fails, and the residents, as they wipe the perspiration from their brows, begin to plan a trip to the States, their thoughts turning longingly to the winds and fogs of San Francisco. But with the return of the "trades" all this is forgotten, and the days fly away merrily, and, alas! all too fast.

In this pleasure-loving and hospitable land one form of entertainment follows another, and enjoyment seems to be the aim and object of existence. Dances on the men-of-war, picnics to Pearl Harbor, yachting on the Healani and the Hawaii, *luaus*, moonlight boating and bathing parties, dinners, lunches, yea! even the ubiquitous "tea"—what form of pleasure-seeking is not known to Hawaii? But at Hawaii's "tea" the ambrosial Kona coffee is served, and he who drinks of this coffee of the islands forgets all woes, no matter how potent. And to all kinds of entertainment, formal or informal, one is bidden by the telephone—the telephone of a system complete, perfect, and as little inclined to hurry its messages as it ought to be consistently with the general order of things. To be cut off in the middle of a sentence is an aggravation almost unknown. Love-making, gossip, repartee, politics—everything goes through the telephone. Prudence is never learned, and everybody confides in "Central" as if he were a fond parent.

The *luau* is still a popular attraction, and differs little from the native feast of former days. Then the viands were spread upon the ground, which was first strewn thickly with *ti* leaves; but now, to accommodate our less easy style of dress, tables are more often used, although the table-cloth is still of *ti* leaves and ferns.

There are plates, but no knives or forks. This, however, disconcerts no one who has ever been to a *luau* before. Each end of the table is graced by a roasted pig, and all along the centre there are ohelos, mangoes, bananas, and oranges. Among the ferns rest many small boiled crabs, making, with the green leaves, a pretty combination of color. There are calabashes everywhere, some filled with *poi*, some with the milk and meat of very young cocoanuts, and some with *koele palau*, a pasty substance of sweet-potato and grated cocoanut mixed, as appetizing as it is indigestible. Deposited about are many mysterious-looking bundles tied up in *ti* leaves, which keep the contents of *lawalu* fish or chicken steaming hot, and have the added advantage of exciting curiosity as to the contents. *Lawalu* fish or *lawalu* chicken is delicious. It is cooked in an *imu*, or earthen pit underground, after being tied up in *ti* leaves, and thus all the juices and flavors are preserved.

After a few attempts, it will be plain to the foreigner that *poi*, a blue-gray paste made from pounded taro, fermented, is an acquired taste, and he may resolve to postpone the acquiring, although to be a *kamaina* (a child of the islands) one must like *poi*, and must learn the dexterous twist of the wrist which causes the paste to adhere to the finger in a neat compact lump, easily transferable to the mouth.

Eating from the same calabash as one's neighbor may seem a trifle odd, and the snakelike squid is discouraging. A dish of pale sickly looking little shrimps sometimes appears. One marvels at their lack of color, and wonders if the roseate hue that they should share is all concentrated in the crabs; then some of them will move, even squirm, and the dread truth will dawn upon one. They are a rarity, and much in demand. At the end of the feast finger-bowls are passed around, and they are no sinecure.

Then the Kanaka boys play their irresistible native tunes on *ukulele*, guitar, and *taro-patch* fiddle, and the guests lounge around in hammocks and reclining-chairs, with brightly colored, sweet-smelling *leis* around their necks, lazily chatting and laughing, or humming the familiar airs as the Kanaka boys accompany their stringed instruments with their sweet voices. Occasionally one of the boys, animated by the unrivalled swing and rhythm and marked cadence of a favorite *hula*, may jump up from his seat and dance a few steps of the *kui*, the modified form of the dance, while the circle around accentuate the time by clapping their hands.

No *luau* is ever given without the decorative *lei;* it may be made of carnations, or the fragrant *maile*, or gardenias—in fact, any and all flowers can be used in the *lei;* but the *lei* of roses is seen no more. The beautiful rose-gardens of Honolulu are now a matter of memory alone, for the Japanese rose-bug has destroyed all the handsome bushes.

The *luau*, like all good things, comes to an end; and then "Hawaii Ponoii," the national hymn, the signal for breaking up. Then for light wraps, or often none, and the drive home through the delicious evening air, fragrant with magnolias and stephanotis, and, for those who live at Waikiki, the cooling dip in the sea before bed, and a dreamless, refreshing sleep. The *luau* is dear to the foreigner, but what is it to the natives with their love of fish and *poi?* They will spend a week's earnings at the fish-market, and with their happy carelessness give no thought to the morrow. When cholera threatened Hawaii, in 1895, there was indeed *pilikia* among the natives, for the harbor and taro patches were poisoned with cholera germs, and both fish and *poi* were *tabu*. *Pilikia* expresses any phase of trouble, from its most serious and pathetic aspect to the momentary disarrangement of a *ukulele* string; perhaps no other word was coined because all troubles are troubles for the moment, and none live in the Hawaiian heart.

A joyous, shiftless, warm-hearted, generous race, if lazy and untrustworthy withal. The women lounge around, making *leis* for sale; the men fish and work about the wharves—and they hire the Chinese and Japanese to attend to their household duties.

The men are stately and well formed, and the carriage of the women is the admiration and envy of their white sisters.

They are tall, and would appear too stout in any but their Mother Hubbard style of dress, but they hold themselves superbly, and walk with an indescribable grace, holding the train of their *holokus* well up, disclosing spotless petticoats and their shapely bare brown feet and ankles. In spite of their *insouciance* they are highly superstitious, and the *kahuna* can do with them what he will. He possesses the powers of priest and doctor combined, and has "prayed to death" many a poor Kanaka, who simply gives up and fades away when he hears that a *kahuna* has a lock of his hair and is chanting the *mele* to bring about his end. Pele, the goddess of the volcano, may be appeased, and a live pig is often thrown into the volcano as an offering to induce her to stop the flow of lava, but nothing is ever attempted to divert the fell purpose of the *kahuna*.

"*Kahuna* pray to die, *mahopepilikia;* no can live; medicine no good; *ae kahuna pau* pray, I die!" they will answer, with calm conviction, to all arguments.

It is not to be wondered at that the goddess Pele is worshipped as well as feared by the Kanakas, for who can watch the fiery seas of Kilauea and not feel a wondering awe and a recognition of some tremendous majesty of force and power?

Hawaii, with your fountains of molten lava, your winding forest of thirty miles of tropical splendor, your pretty little town of Hilo; Maui, with your view of sublime beauty from the summit of Haleakala; fertile Kauai, "the garden island," with your rice and sugar fields, your beautiful bay of Hanalei, with its surrounding green hills, and your famous "singing sands"; and Oahu, with your dainty, gay little capital, Honolulu—ah! it is hard to sail away and leave your balmy, beautiful, hospitable shores. Hard to leave, and made all the harder by the genial, warm-hearted, half-merry, half-sorrowful farewells; by the band stationed on the wharf playing alternate sad and lively airs; by the last offering of the fragrant *lei* with which those departing are laden; by the very fact that the whole of Honolulu assembles to wish God-speed to the good ship about to sail.

The gong sounds, and the immense crowd on the decks seems to melt away and only the passengers are left, looking like animated flower-gardens as they stand, festooned with their floral wreaths, and wave good-by.

"*Aloha oe, aloha oe.*" "The band boys" seem to throw additional pathos into the tender melody. A pretty girl loosens a *lei* from the heavy mass around her neck, and throws it to a naval officer standing on the edge of the dock. "*Aloha!*" she calls, as it falls at his feet, and judging by his radiant expression, he attributes to that *aloha* the warmest meaning of which it is capable. "*Aloha oe, aloha oe.*" The plaintive strains follow the now fast-receding ship.

The crowd is thinning out on the wharf; up through the streets saunter the people by twos and threes; the men return to their business, the women drive off in their carriages, the naval officers return to their ships or escort the girls through the town to tennis, tea, or wherever it may be. Honolulu returns to its usual serene tranquillity,

> The world forgetting, by the world forgot,

until next steamer day. Richard Hamilton Potts.

AN ARROGANT MAID.

A Story of the Cumberland.

BY EVA WILDER BRODHEAD.

"Looks like Marciny Shadoans," said one of the men lounging about the steps of the store at the head of the lane. The others, rousing from afternoon lethargy, cast speculative eyes up the stony road, between the tall wayside weeds of which a figure was rapidly advancing.

"She ain't just the kind of person you'd be apt to take for some'n else!" remarked the storekeeper, smoothing his hair and hastening to roll down his shirt sleeves.

"Well, no," returned the miller, blowing a dust of flour from his hat. "Best-favored girl in the county. A little darker complected than I like, and awful prim and proud—" He broke off to say, with engaging cordiality: "I hope you're right well, Miss Marciny. Mighty pretty weather we're havin'."

The girl to whom he spoke lifted a pair of dark soft eyes, and smiled with condescending graciousness as she picked her way along. A frilled white sun-bonnet arched demurely above the parting of her dense black hair, and in the midst of the flapping muslin ruffles her dark, richly tinted face was like the golden heart of a colorless rose. Holding her print skirts a little aside, she turned quickly into the lane and cast a swift glance toward the school-house, a gray little structure just beyond her, in a nest of cedars.

"School's been dismissed half an hour," she murmured, rather nervously. "I hope I'll find him by himself. I don't reckon he'd be keeping anybody in till now—low as the sun's getting!" and she looked along the west, which was pale with a declining light. A soft amber tone brooded over everything, touching the blunt spire of the church to wan gold and yellowing the slant roofs of the village. Here and there between the small old houses this chrome tint struck vividly upon a patch of autumn corn-field, turning the piles of fodder into heaps of bronze armaments.

A ridge of sunburnt trees and bushes grew at the further side of the road. Below this, far down under the tall cliff on which the hamlet stood, the Cumberland River made way, silent and unseen for its distance and the close wood of the cliff's edge. The tinkle of water that forever took the ear came from an underground stream which broke from the dark mouth of a little cave just below the brow of the bluff. In winter, when mountain currents were high, this stream had volume enough to gloss the whole cliff-side in a continuous sheet of silver. Now, however, it was just a thread of crystal, tangling the rocks in a glittering woof, and catching a glimmer of green from the moss and ferns of the heavily wooded steep.

Its murmur was as unimpressive to the villagers as the ticking of a clock. Marcina Shadoans was not aware of hearing it at all as she walked up the grassy lane, passing three or four little box houses which crouched by the way in weedy yards. An old woman who sat knitting in a doorway looked up over her glasses at the sound of Marcina's stiff skirts.

"Why, howdy?" she said, dropping her work into her broad blue lap. "Where you travellin', Marciny? You look fresh as a rose just blowed!"

"I'm going up yender to the school-house," explained the girl, pausing. "He hasn't gone home yet, has he—the schoolmaster?"

"Not yit. He's awful stujous, Marciny. Don't ever go home tell nigh onto early candle-lightin'. For a right good-lookin' young feller, pink-cheeked and yeller-headed like he is, he sut'n'y do set more store by book-l'arnin' than I ever see ekeled. 'Tain't natchel; and it's wearin' on him, too. He's unly ben teachin' here for two weeks, and he's growed paler and peakeder from day to day. I was passin' remarks to Mis' Calder about it unly yistiddy—he boards with her. I told her he needed a good dose of quinine. But d'law! she said she wouldn't durs to say a word to him. She says— But what was you goin' to see him about, Marciny? Hes Jimmy ben actin' up agin? He's a awful scourge on schoolmasters, that boy is!"

Marcina, having taken off her bonnet, flirted it round by its long strings. "Jimmy got sent home this morning," she admitted, while a deep crimson mounted to her swarthy cheek. "He wasn't bad, though. For a boy rising twelve, he's the sweetest disposition I 'most ever saw, if he *is* my brother. But he's full of tricks—spirited as a young colt. Maw died when he was unly three, Mis' Hite, and paw's left him to me, and I've never had the heart to lay a hand on him. Not that he's needed it! But maw would have governed better, maybe. Anyway, the new schoolmaster don't understand him, and he's went and sent him home, and told him to *stay* home. And all because the pore little soul brought three field-mice to school in a box and let 'em loose! I'd rather paw wouldn't hear of it. He might turn in and peel a rod for Jimmy. Men are so easy put out! So I'm going to explain things to the master, and get him to take Jimmy back. I've never had no introduction, but I've seen him passing, and he looks real pleasant. I *know* he'll take Jimmy back when I've explained."

She smiled and dimpled, and abstractedly patted a loose strand of her glossy hair into a ringlet on her brow. The old woman drew in her withered cheeks.

"Look-a-here, Marciny," she quavered. "You better not take any airs along of you. He's a terrible uppitty young man, Mis' Calder says. Comes of a mighty fine fambly down near Rowena. Mis' Calder heard from a cousin of hers down there that Mr. Henning didn't aim to mix with us folks here any more'n he *hed* to. His maw told Mis' Calder's cousin that her son wrote back that there was no one in town he keered to 'sociate with, 'cept it 'd be the preacher. And that he was just as glad it was so, becuz he aims to study right clost, so's to git a big school in Somerset next year. He 'lowed Greenston was just a bridge-over, and he didn't mind the folks here bein' common kind of folks, without no hankerin' for readin' matter. I tell you this, Marciny, so's you won't put your foot in it by bein' too up-headed and high-handed in dealin' with him. Better be just as humble as you know how."

Marcina's bonnet had fallen from her hand. Stooping to reach it, an angry light glinted in her eyes, and she bit sharply at the soft redness of her lip. Her nostrils dilated as she glanced toward the school-house, and her velvety brows met in a stormy black line.

"Humble!" she breathed. "I'm not much used to bein' humble! And when it comes to his 'sociating with such poor, common folks as live in this town—well, there's one of 'em that would scorn to know him! Yes, 'm. I'm glad you mentioned to me what kind of person he was. I was going to be real polite and pleasant—him being a stranger and all that. *Now*—" She caught her breath and menaced the clump of cedars with an ominous eye.

"Now, Marciny," expostulated the old woman. But Marcina had whisked out of hearing and was majestically mounting the school-house steps.

The schoolmaster was sitting at his desk, with a big book spread out before him—a book labelled *Elements of Pedagogy*. He was not reading it, however. His face was buried in his hands, and there was a sort of helpless, hopeless laxity in every line of his slight young figure. This was his first season of teaching, and he had begun it with glowing enthusiasm. He had stated, in a paper read before the teachers of Pulaski County, that "to direct the aspirations of youth and shape its pliant intelligence was a sacred privilege." He still believed this, but vaguely and uncertainly now, for his theories were falling about him like ashes from a crater.

In the same paper he had contemptuously referred to the ferule as "the emblem of those barbaric times when brute force was thought necessary to the enforcement of discipline." Whether or not he still held by this tenet he was even less assured, having thrashed the same boy six times in two weeks.

It was a most distressing experience for Henning. That it had been equally distressing for the Shadoans boy he was by no means sure, for the Shadoans boy was as amiable as he was mischievous, and he took his floggings with a composure so admirable as to leave the schoolmaster in some doubt as to their efficacy. As he thought the matter over in bitterness of heart, the young man concluded that his own self-respect was the thing that had suffered most. He had renounced his principles; that was the sting of it. He had given up enlightened modes of correction for the simple system suggested long ago by Solomon. It was poor comfort to feel that though, in the course of the ages, Solomon had been much cried up as a person of high intelligence, his methods of discipline had failed with Jimmy Shadoans as utterly as any of the modern means which Henning had tried upon the boy.

"I am a miserable failure!" he said to himself. "I am unworthy of my calling—altogether unworthy!" He gave a groan under cover of his hot hands, and then started at the sound of a step hard by.

His tragic moment seemed to have had a spectator. As he lifted his flushed face he saw a young woman standing quite near his desk and surveying him with what appeared to be haughty displeasure.

"I've come to see you about my brother," said Marcina, distantly. "I don't think you understand him. He's the best child in the world if he's handled right. I judged I'd better explain this to you, so's he could start in school again to-morrow. He'd oughtn't to be losing anything."

Henning stared. Marcina's tone was cold and hard. She faced him with uplifted head and compressed lips. The beauty of her face, with its dark, alien aspect, was such as to make Henning dimly recall what he had read of Egypt, and the dusk-eyed daughters of the Nile garmented in the same dull blue which this girl wore. Marcina had crushed her bonnet into one wrathful hand. Its string trailed limply downward. In this uncertain light it might have been a great lotus, with long, pliant stem. In the rush of the fancies she evoked Henning thought of palm-fringed floods of turbid water, and sweeps of pale sand, and piles of antique masonry, and sphinx faces as inscrutable as her own, though somewhat calmer.

"If it's all right I'll be going," said Marcina, a little disturbed by the schoolmaster's silence and the dazed look in his eyes.

"If—"

"If it's settled about Jimmy. He's a real forgiving disposition, and don't bear you any ill will. If you'll just tell him you're sorry it happened, and that you'll try to understand him better after this, why you won't have any trouble with him. I reckon I'll be going. Good-evenin'."

She nodded frigidly and swished her blue skirts through the door. Henning sat gazing after her. "She proffered her modest request as if it was a blade," he pondered. "But what beauty! what—" he fetched up to think out some way of receiving Jimmy back without a total and final loss of dignity. It was not an easy problem. It grew less difficult, however, as the dark face of Jimmy's sister became more and more definitely a factor in Henning's calculations.

When the matter was actually accomplished, and Jimmy's black head once more bobbed restlessly among the less alert heads in the school-room, Henning found himself wondering just how soon he might expect to see Marcina and receive her thanks for his leniency regarding Jimmy. He particularly wished to see her again, if only to discover that she was infinitely less lovely and interesting than his fancy painted her.

It was with this object that he granted permission to the women of the village to hold in the school-room some sort of bazar, for the benefit of something or other, into which he did nor inquire. Marcina would assuredly be present. And Henning had a pleasant sense of expectation as he brushed every curl out of his light hair in honor of the occasion, and carefully tied on his blue neck-cloth and brushed his long black coat.

He felt quite contented with himself and life and its prospects as he set out and strode along the dark road, up which a wintry little wind was whirring. And as he hurried along he framed several ingratiating remarks, calculated to impress Marcina favorably.

A low red moon peered confusedly over the cliffs. It seemed to give forth no light whatever. About the cedar-hedged school-house the darkness was particularly intense.

"They'd ought to hev a lantern out!" grumbled some one, stumbling past Henning in the lane. "But what kin you expect when women runs anything?"

A streak of pallid silver struck outward from an opening door, and Henning saw that the school-room wore a surprisingly gala effect. Eight oil-lamps, hanging in reflectors, picked out ochreous tints in the battened walls and pine floor and low benches. Their rays also brightened a long table, set forth in heavy glass-ware, and still heavier crockery, and brilliant bouquets of paper flowers. Numbers of girls in starched white cotton frocks sat sedately about the walls, adapting their goodly proportions to the lowness of the primer-class's bench. About the doorway a throng of young men and boys stood silent and apathetic, with hands that hung red and heavy, and boots that gave off a weird bluish glow. An odor of coffee came from the little cloak-room, in which a number of the village matrons could be seen bustling to and fro.

In a corner beyond the teacher's desk a little bower of cedar and pink paper roses had been established for the sale of lemonade; and as Henning glanced round he saw Marcina in the group of girls below this flowery arch. She seemed to be dressed in white. He could see only her shoulders and the back of her head. She had her hair in a nest of black braids, and a stem of scarlet geranium was thrust behind one ear.

She was talking very amiably indeed to the station agent from the railway town three miles away. As Henning approached, however, this engaging cordiality was not extended to him. Marcina nodded coldly, and went on conversing with the station agent. Henning felt abashed and indignant. He reddened, and turned away and sat down beside the preacher's daughter, a very white young woman, with eyes that were innocent to the verge of blankness.

"It's the most curious thing I ever knew of—her conduct!" he said to himself. "After I'd gone out of my way to take her brother back into favor! She's a capricious, shallow creature, whom it would be folly to try to understand."

But though Marcina's insolent demeanor might be below the effort of comprehension, Henning was unable to dismiss the thought of her. No matter how disdainful she was, she haunted his perceptions continually. And in order to give himself the pain and pleasure of seeing her, he laid aside the *Elements of Pedagogy* more frequently than was consistent with high ambitions, and put on the blue tie and long coat and went forth to such social gatherings as were likely to include Marcina.

At these affairs he was a prominent and honored guest, much deferred to and sought after by the daughters of the village. But Marcina never deferred to him in the least. Nor did she simply ignore him. There was a conscious element in her way of avoiding him which did much to convince Henning that she was acting from a natural antipathy less than from a sense of resentment. He had offended her. That must be it. And hoping to clear away whatever dark misunderstanding lay between them, he said to her once, at a village dance, "I'm afraid I've vexed you in some way." Marcina regarded him with frozen eyelids.

"What makes you think so?"

"Oh, because you're so kind and sweet to every one except me." He spoke with warmth, and there was a perceptible tremor in his voice as he added, impulsively: "I feel your unkindness more than any one else would, for I care for you more."

Marcina turned her head swiftly, and he saw a deep rose-color rise in her cheeks.

"Well," she said, in a deep, unusual tone, "we can't help our likes and dislikes."

Henning started and paled. Then he drew himself together and squared his chin.

"No," he said, sadly. "That's the pity of it."

When she glanced up again under her black, thick lashes, he had gone away; and after that rural parties saw nothing of him.

November came, ushering in continuous drizzles, which toward the end of the month merged into rains. The village wore a dark and sodden aspect as the river rose and logs thickened in the current. The single road and lane which constituted the thoroughfares of Greenston lay thick in the red mud. The cliff-side emerged from its summer veiling of green and showed a stern and awful face behind the gray outpour of the cave stream, now beginning to swell with winter rains.

"I ben inside that cave as fur as a mile," Jimmy Shadoans informed Henning one afternoon as they went down the lane together. "Me 'n' Joe Bailey walked in along the laidge that runs just above the water. We could of gone further, only Joe wanted to come out."

"Yes?" said Henning, absently, thinking how much like Marcina's Jimmy's eyes were—except, indeed, for their expression. For Jimmy was quite fond of the master by this time. They had settled their differences long ago; and Henning had discovered that there is no government equal to the self-government which a pupil can exercise when he becomes really affectionate in his feelings for those in command. "Yes," said Henning, "old Joel Hites was saying the other day that his father, who was the earliest settler hereabout, used to tell queer tales about that cave—something about Spanish buccaneers and buried silver and that sort of thing. He always vowed that there was money hid away under the ledges above the cave stream. All nonsense, probably!—old crony lore. Well, here's my domicile, Jimmy. *Bonjour.*"

The next day but one, as Henning was returning from school, on the edge of dusk, with the *Elements* under his arm, he saw a woman hurrying down the lane through the stiff wagon ruts. She had a shawl on her head, but the face glimpsing from the folds made Henning's heart execute an almost painful leap.

"It's a shame," she burst out, breathlessly, "to keep a boy in so late as this, without a snack to eat since breakfast!—and he's studied up right clost of late, Jimmy has. But you never understood him. You never tried—you never—"

"Are you speaking of Jimmy? I haven't kept him in. He hasn't been to school to-day at all," cut in Henning.

Marcina's lashes sprung wide. She stared at him almost wildly. Then a flush of shame rose in her dark young face.

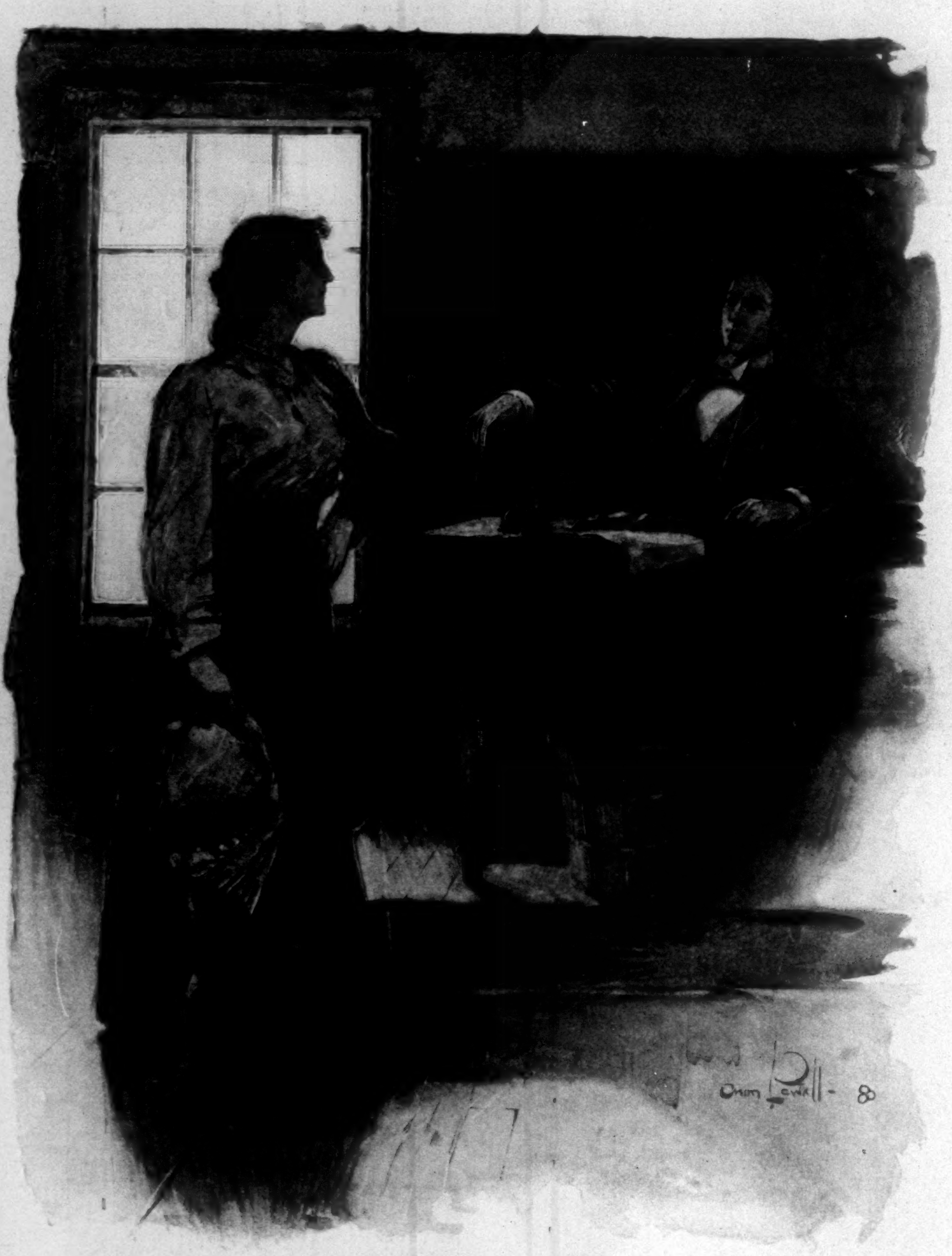
"Oh," she murmured, brokenly—"oh, he never played truant before—never! never!"

"Joe Bailey was absent too," meditated Henning, with a troubled air. "They're great chums. I suppose they're together." He and Marcina were walking along the hard roadway side by side. At the gate of the Calder house Henning paused.

"If I can do anything—" he began.

Marcina drew the shawl more closely about her miserable face. "You can't do anything," she said, going on.

That night, as the schoolmaster sat over his books, ruminating upon Marcina's unhappiness, he heard Mrs. Calder lumbering up the stairs.



"SHE FACED HIM WITH UPLIFTED HEAD AND COMPRESSED LIPS."

"Oh, law me!" she panted, appearing breathlessly in his doorway, "if that Jimmy Shadoans ain't the beatenest contrapsion you ever seen! What would you reckon he's ben up to now? I jest heard of it this minute. Seems he never got home from school to-day, and Marcina thought he might be over to Bailey's. And, lo 'n' behold, Joe Bailey was missin' too. And whilse Marcina and Mis' Bailey stood discussin' of whar they could of got to, why, Joe's little brother he bu'st out crying, and said he knowed but dursn't tell. He promised to keep his mouth shet, he said. But after his maw'd slapped him a right smart lick, he blurted out that Joe and Jimmy had went explorin' up the cave stream, and 'lowed to fetch back a hull passel of gold money that was hid away up there some'r's. And with that Mis' Bailey and Marcina—well, the next I heard was the hull town a-runnin' to the cave; and they tell as the stream's rose clean over the laidge, and—" She was talking to emptiness, for Henning had snatched his hat and was running down the stairs.

Outside it was dark as pitch. Here and there a swiftly moving lantern dashed its bobbing flame along near the ground. Sounds of voices rose high and discordant, and once a woman's cry rung out in a long wailing intonation.

Henning parted the bushes above the cave and looked down. Among the loose rocks below a crowd of villagers stood clamoring and gesticulating. The lantern rays cast up their excited faces in strange effects of shadow, and defined the dense gloom which lurked about the sheer cliff-side, and made an appalling crimson of the gushing cascade. The maw of the cave, bearded with wintry vines all hoar with froth, yawned darkly below Henning's feet. He could see Mrs. Bailey, sustained by two women, flinging her arms wildly about her head and wailing. "Oh my boy! my Joey! Oh, he's gone! I'll never see him no more! Oh, don't you speak no comfort to me! 'Ain't you heard 'em say the laidge is three feet onder water? 'Twas dry as a bone this mornin' when I looked in as I drawed water from the spring yender. Oh Lord! Oh—"

"Hesh now, Mis' Bailey! They're fetchin' the boat. There they come up the river path with it right now—Jones's skift. Don't ye take on so. They'll row right into the cave and git the boys out."

"They're drownded long ago!" cried Mrs. Bailey.

The schoolmaster, letting himself down the cliff by means of a sapling, caught sight of Marcina crouching motionless against the side of the cave. Her dark braids dabbled their unbound ends in the water, and her face was prone in the sharp wet rocks. Once she lifted it wildly, and Henning was terrified at its grayness, its drawn lips and set eyes.

"If there was unly more men here!" cried some one. And Henning remembered that, in consequence of an expected rise in the Cumberland, most of the men of the town were away working on the booms at the head-waters. Those who remained came presently into sight, carrying a light skiff up the stony path. The storekeeper's head rose first into view; and as he set down his end of the boat, his mother rushed upon him:

"You ain't goin' to row that boat, Abel—the oniest boy I got, and me a widder! Them boys is past he'p. There's three foot of tide over the driest spot in the cave. No one knows what whirlpools and water-spouts is in that awful place. No, Abel! You ain't goin' to resk your life!"

"I'd as lief go—" began the miller; but his wife shrieked and clasped him.

"You got four little children, Hiram! Let them go as hain't no fambly. There's Mr. Henning taking off his coat now—and John Marks."

"We got no one but ourselves to think of," said Marks. "Altogether now!" They heaved the boat over the rocky lip of the cave and into the water.

Henning, with the oars in his hand, stepped up after it, past the wet, shelving rock on which Marcina knelt. She had risen, and as Henning neared her she staggered forward and caught at his sleeve with stiff fingers.

"Wait!" she panted, in a piteous kind of whisper. "Oh, wait till I tell you—till I tell you—"

"When I come back," said Henning.

But she cried out: "When you— Oh, you may never come back—that black dreadful place! And I've been so mean to you—so— But I want you to know I've only been putting it on. It's hurt me like death every time I've give you a sharp word. For I—yes, I've *cared*—I've loved you! Yes, in spite of your saying there was no one here you wanted to 'sociate with. And the more I've loved you, the worse I've remembered what you said—" Her voice was only half audible in the roar of the water and the loud tones of the throng. But its faintest murmur bore straight to Henning's heart.

"Oh, Marcina! If ever I said anything so foolish it was before I had seen you. And since then— But Marks has the oars set. I must go—"

She gave a faint sob, and tried to take her clinging hands from his arm, and failed, and so laid her forlorn fair face upon them and wept outright. Henning looked around to summon some woman to his aid. But a new disturbance had arisen in the crowd. A cry rang up. And from the press of the throng a dark little figure leaped toward the schoolmaster and Marcina, crying out: "What's the matter with her? What you doin' to my sister to make her cry so? Marciny, I'm here—"

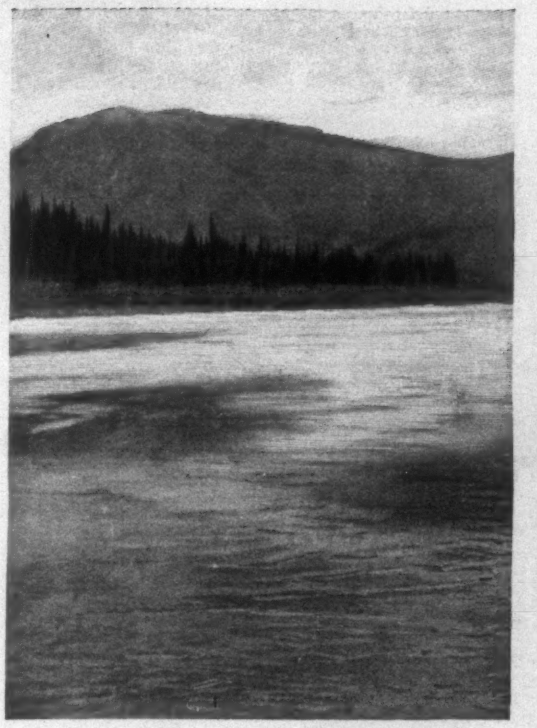
Marcina turned. Henning had caught the boy by the shoulder in a grasp like iron.

"It's you? What in the name of— We were just going up the cave stream to look for you. Where did you come from? How—what—"

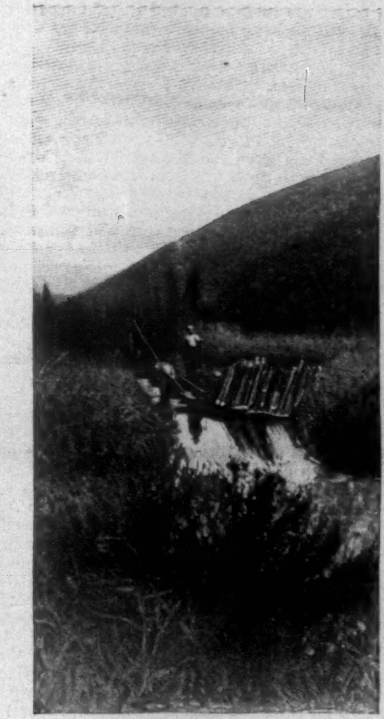
"We 'ain't been near the cave," said Jimmy, smothered in his sister's arms. "We aimed to, but we met a feller that offered us a job of catchin' staves down in the shallows—the tide's sweepin' 'em out of the boom by hundreds. So we went and rowed down there in Joe's dugout. We 'lowed we could splore the cave any day; but 'tain't often you git a job at catchin' staves."

"Oh, Jimmy! what torment I owe you!" cried Marcina, between two hugs. And lifting her brimming eyes to Henning, she added, "I'm going to ask *you* to punish him."

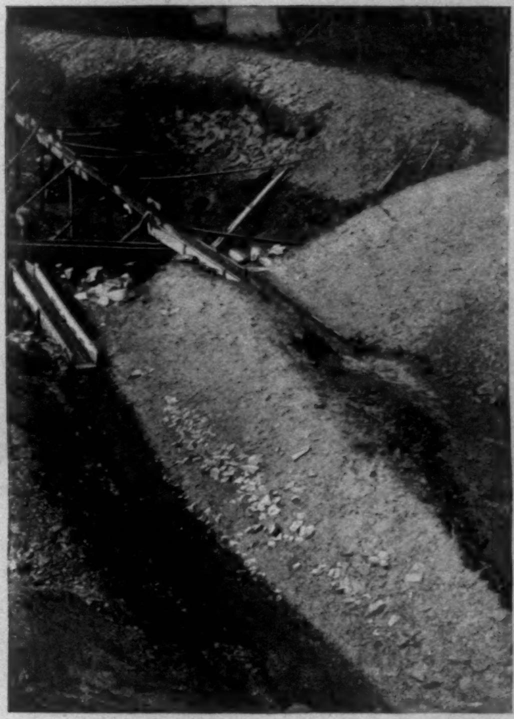
"I can't do it, Marcina," cried Henning. "I owe the scapegrace too much happiness."



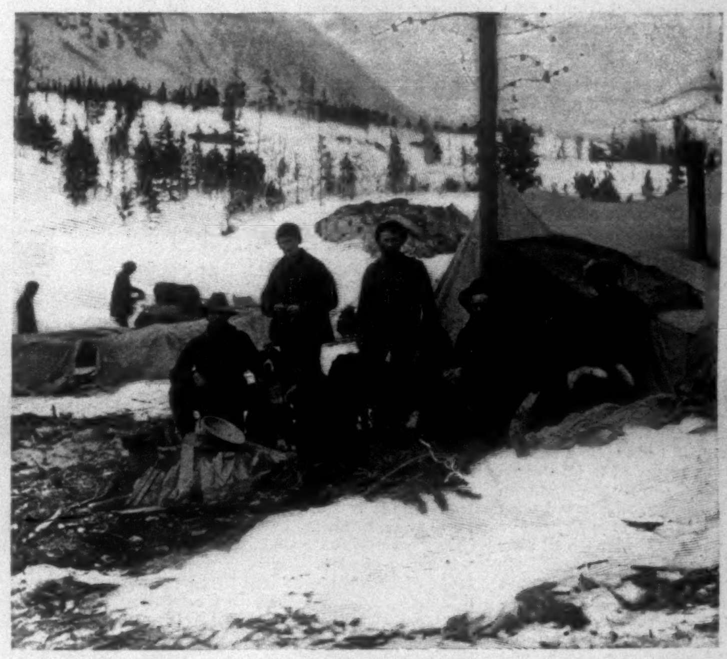
THE YUKON NEAR SALMON RIVER.



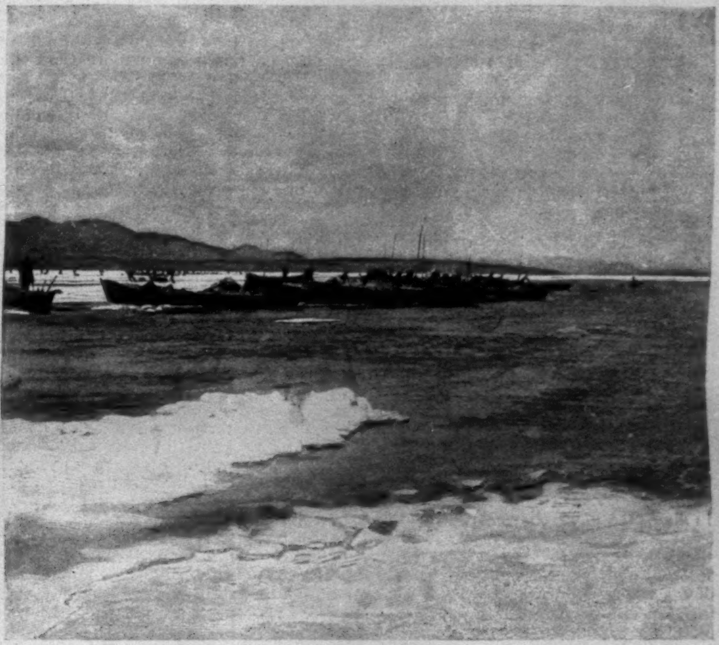
FIRST WORK ON A YUKON PLACER CLAIM.



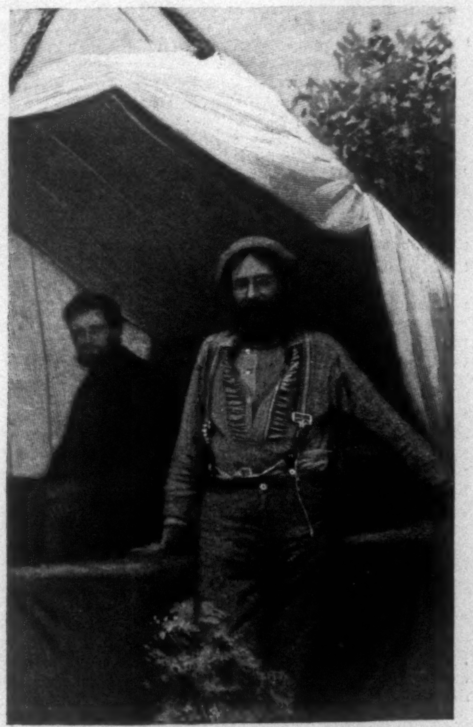
A TYPICAL PLACER CLAIM, SHOWING CUT, SLUICEWAYS, AND TAILINGS.



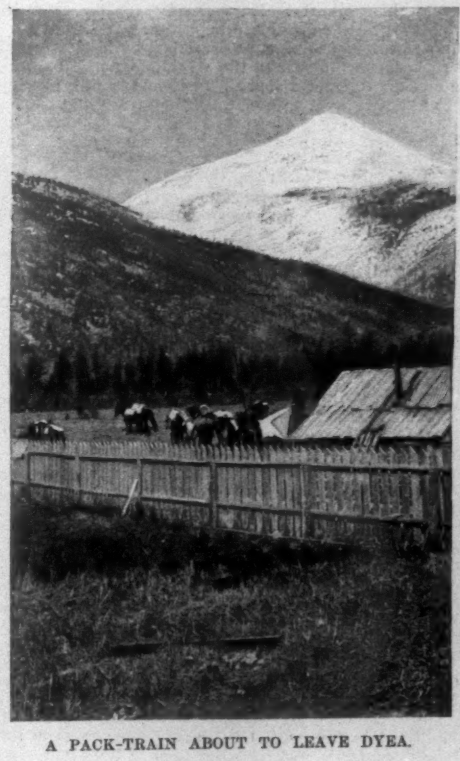
MINERS IN CAMP NEAR LAKE BENNET.
From Photograph taken last Spring.



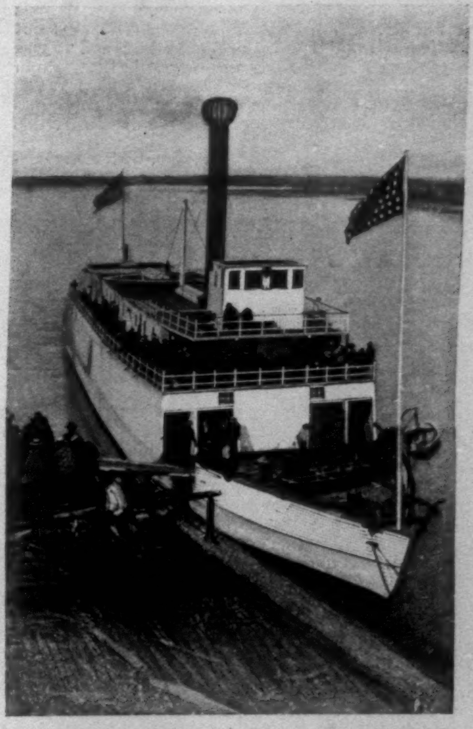
BOATS AT THE HEAD OF LAKE LABARGE.
Ice good on Labarge two Weeks after it breaks in the Lewis River.



TENT LIFE ON A PLACER CLAIM, GLACIER CREEK, FORTY MILE DISTRICT.



A PACK-TRAIN ABOUT TO LEAVE DYEA.



STEAMER "ALICE" LEAVING CIRCLE CITY, JULY, 1896, WITH PASSENGERS HOMEWARD-BOUND.

THE GOLD DISCOVERIES IN THE KLONDIKE, NORTHWEST TERRITORY.—From Photographs by F. D. van Wagenen.—[See Page 790.]

THE KLONDIKE MINING-CAMP.

San Francisco.

The romance of the gold-hunters in California in 1849, or of the finders of millions on millions of gold and silver in the Comstock Lode of Nevada twenty years later, is surpassed by the stories of the lucky men who during the last two weeks have arrived at San Francisco and Seattle with thousands of dollars in nuggets and gold-dust, washed out from the fabulously rich placers of the Klondike district in Alaska. In California pioneer days men crossed the plains in great caravans, the journey occupying three months. Peril there was from Indians, and from snow and cold in the fall, should an expedition be belated; but the Donner party, which was snow-bound near the summit of the Sierras, and some of the survivors of which indulged in cannibalism, was the only large party that met great disaster. The Alaska trip, on the other hand, is full of danger from starvation, exposure, and a climate that is often deadly to the strongest men. Not one of the returned miners with whom I have talked in the last few days attempted to minimize these dangers. All unite in saying that the risks, the hardships, the fearful cold of winter, and the equally fearful humid heat of the short, fierce summer cannot be exaggerated. In winter the mercury frequently falls to 70 degrees below zero, Fahrenheit, while in summer the snow melts in a week, the mercury jumps to 95 degrees in the shade, clouds of steam rise from the thawing earth, and swarms of huge mosquitoes and gnats settle upon every living creature. Many men who can endure the dry cold of winter are permanently invalided by the moist heat of summer. What makes this enervating air more fatal to health is the enormous surface of water that is exposed to the fierce sunlight. The air is dense with vapor, and the slightest exertion produces extreme lassitude. It is then, also, that the monotony of the diet of bacon and beans has an evil effect on the constitution.

The Klondike River, on which the new placers were discovered, is in the British Northwest Territory, two thousand miles almost directly east of St. Michael. It is fifty-two miles from Forty Mile Post, which is the nearest large station. From Juneau it is six hundred and fifty miles in a northwest course. Dawson, the headquarters of the new diggings, is at the junction of the Klondike and Yukon rivers. The population last June in Dawson was 1000.

The discovery of this new northern bonanza was an accident, as mining discoveries usually are. An old Yukon miner, George Cormac, who had lived for twenty years under the arctic circle, and who had made little money in all this time, went up to the confluence of the Klondike and Yukon rivers to fish for salmon, which usually run in large quantities in the Yukon River at that point at the end of spring. He arrived at the place in June, 1896. The salmon did not run, and hence he had recourse to prospecting in the creeks that empty into the Klondike a few miles above its mouth. He knew that this territory had been prospected by experts, and that their decision was that there was no gold in paying quantities north of the Yukon, and especially in the British possessions, where he then was.

He travelled up the Klondike three miles, then made his way through tangled thickets up a little stream with precipitous sides. He had two Indians with him, and the three set to work to prospect in the primitive Yukon fashion—that is, they cut wood, set fires every night on the ground to thaw out the frozen gravel, and each day dug out of the prospect hole the loose earth which was thawed down not over twelve inches by the fire. In this way, in about ten days, they reached bed-rock at a depth of fifteen feet, when Cormac was astonished to pan out from the loose dirt near bed-rock from fifty to one hundred dollars in coarse gold to the pan. By this time his provisions were nearly exhausted, so he sent an Indian to Forty Mile Post, fifty-two miles away, for supplies, he remaining on the ground to prospect further. He also sent a note to several of his friends in Forty Mile Post, telling them of his discoveries. Several men responded and came up, took up claims, and began to prospect; but it was not until nearly three months had passed before any one came in with an adequate supply of provisions, and with tools to work the claims properly. These men soon took out several thousand dollars' worth of gold-dust, and it was the return of two of this party to Forty Mile Post, late in the fall, which led to the unprecedented gold rush to this little camp. Not fifty able-bodied men out of a population of 1500 were left in the camp three days after this gold-dust was brought in.

With the mercury 58 degrees below zero, with snow covering the ground in every direction, the party packed their household goods on sledges, and with dogs and by hand they pulled these sledges over the ice of the Yukon and over the snowy fields until they reached the junction of the Klondike and Yukon rivers, where there was a small settlement gathered around a little saw-mill operated by Joe Ladue, one of the old Alaska Company's traders. The party pushed on to the creek where Cormac had made his big discovery, and which they promptly named Bonanza Creek. This and the neighboring creek, called El Dorado, were promptly staked out in claim, and work was begun immediately. At first, in the delirium of this gold excitement, there was a prospect of fatal quarrels over the location and the extent of the claims which each man could take up, but luckily the Northwest Territory official surveyor, William Ogilvie, was on the ground, and his suggestion to resurvey the two creeks and to give each man the allotted space under the British mining laws was accepted. He promptly surveyed the territory, and each claimant received 500 linear feet, extending across the width of the creek. In this way some men obtained claims 1000 feet wide, but the great majority received allotments about 600 feet wide.

The news of the extraordinary find spread with great rapidity down the Yukon, and in a few weeks most of the old mining-camps for 1000 miles down the river were partially abandoned, and the few people who had been working in mines that paid from $5 to $20 a day arrived at the new bonanza. Around Ladue's old mill sprang up a town of tents and shanties, which Ladue named Dawson, in honor of the original British surveyor who mapped out all this far northern territory. The Alaska Commercial Company sent in all the provisions that it could gather up from its stations, but most of this food did not reach the camp until the following spring. There would have been actual famine in this little remote mining district had not one man had the foresight to bring in food. This was Clarence Berry, a young farmer from Fresno County, California, who had been mining with indifferent success on the Yukon for two years. Luckily he had $2000 worth of provisions when the news came of Cormac's rich strike, and he added to this another $1000 worth, which he bought at Forty Mile Post. With this large supply he was enabled to keep alive the 500 or 600 men who were working in the camp until the Alaska Commercial Company was enabled to bring in further supplies. No one had any money, so Berry sold his goods on credit, taking in part payment shares in sixteen different mines on the creek. In this way he was enabled to help out his companions and at the same time to acquire interest in these mines, which in another season will make him more than a millionaire.

The curious feature of the development of this camp is that it should have remained for six months unvisited except by men already on the Yukon. As early as last January, William Ogilvie's official reports of the extraordinary richness of the pay dirt in these claims reached Ottawa. Because Ogilvie was a surveyor and not a miner, all the experts in Canada as well as in this country pronounced his reports wildly exaggerated. Even as late as last March reports also came out to Juneau, brought by William Carr, the regular mail-carrier, and these also were discredited by the great majority of mining men in Alaska and in this country. It was not until spring opened and men returned with sacks and cans of gold-dust as practical proof of the richness of this district that the rush actually began. Then every steamer to the north from Seattle and Victoria was crowded, and every one who could leave Juneau or St. Michael took an outfit of provisions and started for the camp.

The great excitement, however, did not reach the Pacific coast until July 14, when forty miners arrived at San Francisco on the steamer *Excelsior*, bringing with them nearly a half-million dollars in gold-dust and gold nuggets. These men had been in the Yukon district for various periods extending from ten years to a single twelvemonth. They represented every trade and occupation, and the amounts that they brought down varied from $5000 to $130,000. To one at a distance it seems like a fairy tale to hear of men who had been mining for several years and making no more than their board suddenly enriched in five or six months with fortunes sufficient to last them the remainder of their lives. Every one who read the first reports brought by these miners fancied that there was wild exaggeration in their tales. But I have talked with a dozen of these men, and all have told substantially the same story. They do not minimize the hardships or the trials which they had to undergo, nor do they say that every one who goes to the Yukon will return with a fortune. But they all agree that since the great discovery of gold in California by Marshall, near Sutter's Mill, and the rush which followed that discovery, there has been no mining discovery in the world which promised such liberal returns to the poor man as this Alaskan gold-field.

One returning prospector, J. O. Hestwood, of Seattle, told, to my mind, the most remarkable story of all these prospectors. He had mined on the Yukon for three years. The first year he contracted the scurvy from living exclusively on salt pork and beans, and was brought out of the territory almost in a dying condition. With spirit unimpaired he returned the next season, but his claims panned out only a meagre living. Then he returned to California and delivered a series of lectures through the State on the resources and the wonders of Alaska, illustrated with stereopticon views. In this way he made enough money to furnish him an outfit, and he was at Glacier Creek near the Klondike when the news of the discovery came. He promptly packed up his belongings, and was among the first to reach the new camp. He took up a claim, but the prospects did not please him, and as others were disappointed in sinking their first shafts, he abandoned the camp and started down the river. His boat broke down, and he was compelled to return on foot to the new mining district. By this time pans of dirt ranging from $500 down to $125 had been found in several claims, and he at once proceeded to develop his property. He worked throughout the season, hiring a couple of men to help him.

The processes of mining, as described by him, are probably the crudest known to the world. On the banks of these creeks miners dig a prospect hole, ranging from fifteen to twenty-five feet deep, until they reach the pay dirt and bed-rock. These prospect holes, as I have said, are sunk laboriously by thawing out the frozen gravel. Each night a big fire is built, and it is permitted to burn until the next morning. Then the thawed-out gravel is shovelled out and thrown into large heaps on the bank. When the shaft is sunk to a depth of about six feet a rude windlass is rigged up, and the dirt is brought to the surface in buckets. No attempt is made to wash out this half-frozen dirt until the next spring. When the miner reaches bed-rock he works along underneath what is called the pay streak. This streak averages all the way from one foot to three feet in width, and the nuggets and gold-dust are found in a tenacious blue clay, precisely as the best gold was found in the early placers in California.

The richness of this pay dirt may be appreciated when it is said that Mrs. Clarence Berry, the wife of the man who made the richest clean-up in the camp, was accustomed to visit the dump of dirt at her husband's claim every day, and with a sharp stick to disintegrate some of these half-frozen clods of dirt which showed traces of yellow metal. In this way she actually picked out by hand during three months nearly $3000 in nuggets. One of these nuggets that she obtained from a frozen clod is valued at $250, and resembles in shape and size a medium-sized potato.

When the spring came, and the water rushed down through the creeks, the miners were all prepared to take advantage of it. They had built sluices of the most primitive style, but although they had no quicksilver, they were enabled to save the greater part of their gold because of its weight. In the sluices, at distances of six inches, they built little riffles of wood, which caught the gold as the water brought the mingled earth and metal down through the sluice. Mr. Hestwood estimates that they saved ninety per cent. of all the gold in the earth. Another remarkable feature is that this pay dirt, laboriously thrown up on the banks of the creek during six months of the hard winter, was all sluiced out within two weeks. The clean-up, as miners call it, of the claims on the Bonanza and El Dorado creeks averaged $5000 and upwards. It is an equally remarkable fact that not a single miner of the 300 who staked out claims on Bonanza Creek drew a blank. Every one had at least $5000 in gold-dust at the end of the season.

It would require columns to give any adequate description of the exceptional features of this mining-camp under the arctic circle. Everything is of the crudest description. Material, tools, and all supplies are extremely costly, far beyond the cost even in such remote desert camps as Coolgardie in Australia. During the winter flour sold at $60 a hundred pounds, bacon sold at from 50 cents to a dollar a pound. Dried fruit, which is absolutely indispensable in the miner's dietary, sold at a dollar a pound. Rubber boots were quoted at $25 a pair. Mackinaw jackets were $25 each. Board of the rudest kind was $3 a day. Miners' wages were $15 a day for ten hours' work, or $1 50 an hour for shorter time. The men lived in rude log huts, plastered over the top and chinked between the logs at the sides with moss. They heated these cabins with sheet-iron stoves which are prepared expressly for the Alaskan trade. They dressed in heavy flannels, with outer clothing of bear-skin and wolf-skin. They were enabled to work out-doors throughout the winter, except when the mercury fell below —60°, but they were forced to take great precautions to guard against perspiration, as any moisture on the exposed skin led to dangerous frost-bites.

When the spring came they suffered even greater hardships than in the winter, for the sudden heat was terribly enervating, and the clouds of mosquitoes and gnats made life a burden. No portion of the face could be exposed without attacks from these pests. It is the humid heat of the Mississippi Valley which comes suddenly upon this arctic region as soon as the snow melts. This humidity is due mainly to the large bodies of water which lie in every direction. Every creek, river, and lake is filled with muddy water from the melting snow, and the powerful rays of a torrid sun fill the air with vapor, which is deadly to all except the strongest persons. From the talks that I have had with the returned miners, I think a recent statement of Dr. Willis Everett, of Seattle, is not exaggerated. He made a topographical survey of the Klondike district for the government, and he says, "I have yet to see a man who has remained in that country for two years and retained his health."

Of course all warnings in regard to the dangers and hardships of this life in Alaskan mining regions will have little weight with young and vigorous men who contract the gold fever. The prospect is now that next spring will see a gold rush into this far northern land which has never been paralleled in the history of the world. The two transportation companies are making great preparations for this expected rush, and there will no doubt be provisions and other supplies at this new mining-camp next summer sufficient for 40,000 or 50,000 people. The two routes are radically distinct. One is by steamer from San Francisco or Seattle to St. Michael, and from that port by flat-bottomed river steamers up the Yukon. This trip consumes forty days. The other route is by steamer from San Francisco or Seattle to Juneau; from Juneau by small steamers to Dyea, and from that point by land over the Chilkoot Pass; then by lakes and small rivers to the Yukon.

This trip consumes about thirty days, and is extremely severe and very dangerous if taken too early in the spring or too late in the fall. Over this route, however, three-quarters of those who go into the Alaskan fields will travel, as it is far cheaper, and one is enabled to take a more liberal outfit than by the sea route.

From a private letter I have gained the information that when the steamer *Excelsior* returns from her next trip from St. Michael she will bring in the remainder of the miners who have decided to return to civilization for the winter. The steamer will also bring between five and six millions in gold-dust and nuggets.

George Hamlin Fitch.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

Tacoma.

The gold nuggets brought down from the Klondike by the sixty-eight miners who arrived by the steamer *Portland* on the 17th have this noteworthy characteristic, which all old miners remark at once—they are rough, and some of them have jagged edges. "They haven't come far," these old miners say; "the mother lode is not far from where they were found." This seems probable, for they were all found in two small tributaries of the Klondike which these miners themselves have named Bonanza and El Dorado creeks. The first "strike" was made on Bonanza Creek, and when fifty-one claims five hundred feet square had been located on it, so much of it was taken that those who had not been lucky enough to secure a claim before these were taken thought what was left was not worth taking, and so went on to the next tributary above.

There were three in the first party that explored El Dorado Creek. Clarence Berry, who first struck gold on the Bonanza, seems to have been alone. But when the news of his marvellous find reached Circle City, three hundred miles down the Yukon, the rush in his direction was immediate. Some walked the whole three hundred miles; others went by the usual mode of travel for those who have the means, which is by boats propelled by poles. The next boats of the two trading companies that ply up and down the river as far as the confluence of the Pelly, which is 1850 miles from the deltas, brought new recruitments. When the new arrivals found their predecessors panning out dirt that yielded all the way from a few dollars to $800 per pan, all of course wanted claims, and the supply on Bonanza Creek was soon taken.

The claims on both creeks appear to be equally and fabulously rich. Over ten thousand dollars has been taken out from a single "box-length," which is 12×15 feet in size, and is so named because a length of sluicing is twelve feet, and a miner can shovel dirt into it from an area seven and a half feet wide on either side. The rich ground is found at bed-rock, as it always is in placer mining, and pockets have been found that yielded over $1000 in coarse gold. Single pans of gravel frequently yield $100 to $200, and one washed out over $800. Usually this rich gravel lies in a narrow streak, and the streak is followed from one box-length to another.

Whether more than one streak will be found on any claim is not told yet, as development has not gone far enough. Berry, the first locator on the Bonanza, who is among the returned millionaires, has only worked 130 box-lengths on his claim, and he has brought down $130,000—$1000 to the box-length as far as he has gone.

I have said that all the miners who have made this wonderful find, or profited by it, are tenderfeet. A few incidents which occurred at the dock when the steamer landed, or shortly after, will show how thoroughly this is true. Nils Anderson, of Seattle, borrowed $300 from an acquaintance in the summer of 1895 to go to the Yukon. He left a wife not very well provided for to take care of herself and several small children. This she did successfully, and paid the interest on the $300 besides. She was at the wharf to see the steamer arrive, knowing nothing of the good fortune awaiting her except from rumor, which said that the returning gold-hunters had "struck it rich." She certainly had reason to hope this was true, and that her husband had had some share of good fortune. One of the first to come down the plank after the ship had been made fast was Anderson. He carried a stout and very heavy bag in either hand, and just behind him was a friend with two more. These bags and Mrs. Anderson were put into a waiting hack and the party drove home. The bags contained something over $112,000.

Another of the argonauts, also a Swede, carried his dust, as many did, to the express office. He wanted to send it "to the government at San Francisco." Asked if he knew how much he had, he said: "I tank I have twenty tousand five huner dollar." When his sack was put on the scale the clerk told him he had nearer $42,500, and his eye brightened at the news. When asked if he would have a receipt for the value, or by weight, he said he would take it by weight.

A boy not over seventeen took his nuggets to a bank, sold them for over $7000, and took the first train for Portland. He said he owned a claim and could get all the money he would ever want out of it. He was not going to return, however, until what he had brought down was all spent. This promised not to take him long, as he bought a box of cigars for the crowd to whom he told his story, and on the train he bought all the newspapers the newsboy had that mentioned his name, and distributed them among the passengers.

Four days after the steamer arrived a colored woman took $17,300 to a bank and opened an account, after taking $500 in cash. She said the gold had been brought down by her husband, who was going back as soon as he could, and she would go with him.

William Stanley, of Anacortes, left his wife only $20 when he went north two years ago. Since then she has supported herself by her own work, sometimes by picking blackberries in the woods. As soon as he could reach the telegraph office after landing he wired her the welcome news that he had brought back $90,000.

That the new fields are as rich as these miners say there can be no doubt. They present incontestable proof of it in the form of nuggets that vary in size from a pin-head to a $5 gold piece, with occasional ones that are much larger. If there is finer gold in the gravel, they have not taken pains to save it.

How extensive these placers may be nobody can yet tell. Their full limit may have been reached, but this is not probable, for good claims have been worked for four or five years past on Miller Creek, a tributary of Sixty Mile Creek, which comes into the Yukon about as far above the Klondike as Forty Mile Creek does below. There are good claims on other tributaries of the great river in this neighborhood, so that the field promises to be an extensive one. But if there are no more exceedingly rich claims than those already located, these will yield an immense sum. Those who have come back say that those who have remained have more gold already secured, several times over, than they brought away, but its owners do not intend to bring it out until they have secured more.

Governor MacIntosh, of the Northwest Territory, now on his way home to Regina, believes that the Klondike is richer than the Caribou proved to be, and $25,000,000 in coarse gold were taken years ago from the bed of Williams Creek alone in that district.

Mr. Van Wagenen of Seattle, like Colonel Carr, a lawyer by profession, has twice made the trip *viâ* Dyea. The mountain range to be crossed is about 4000 feet high. Goods are still packed over it with difficulty. The descent of the river is made on rafts or in boats, each argonaut constructing his own. There are two points between the point of departure and the Klondike where the passage is difficult, and even dangerous, because of rocks and rapids. At one a portage of about seven hundred feet is always made. The remainder of the way is smooth sailing when the river is not too full or too shallow.

It is reported that wintering in Alaska is not as unpleasant as might be supposed. The long nights are depressing, but the air is bracing, and one feels always full of vigor and ready to undertake any enterprise. The temperature frequently ranges below −40° sometimes below −60°. Prospecting is done only in summer; mining in winter.

In its upper part the Yukon runs through a mountainous country, and all its tributaries flow into it through narrow and tortuous valleys. Below Circle City it is a broad flowing stream, with a wide and marshy valley. Some of its tributaries in this part enter it through valleys of considerable width. Steamers with flat bottoms and shallow draught ascend it for perhaps five hundred miles above the Klondike. Navigation of it closes early in October and opens late in May. As the head-waters are much farther south than the mouth, the break-up begins in the upper river and tributaries, and the ice packs and crushes its way toward the deltas.

The few river boats are wary of being caught on the way by an early freeze, as that would mean certain destruction when the break-up comes in the spring.

C. A. Snowden.

AUGUST.

Dull, dozy days when life is in a swoon,
And spring's quick pulse is of glad hours gone by;
Where, after nightfall, the broad harvest-moon
With mellow light beams from the tranquil sky—
Stirred only by the whippoorwill's late cry;
When lake and runnel—O, so mildly—meet;
And to the shade we turn from dust and heat,
Forgetting all of June's rich riotry.

How like the midway mile-post of our life
Are all these shows—August's environment;
The stilling of the billows of high sees
Whereon flotillas move, and argosies
Sail calmly by, now placidly content—
Perhaps to symbol this was August meant.

Joel Benton.

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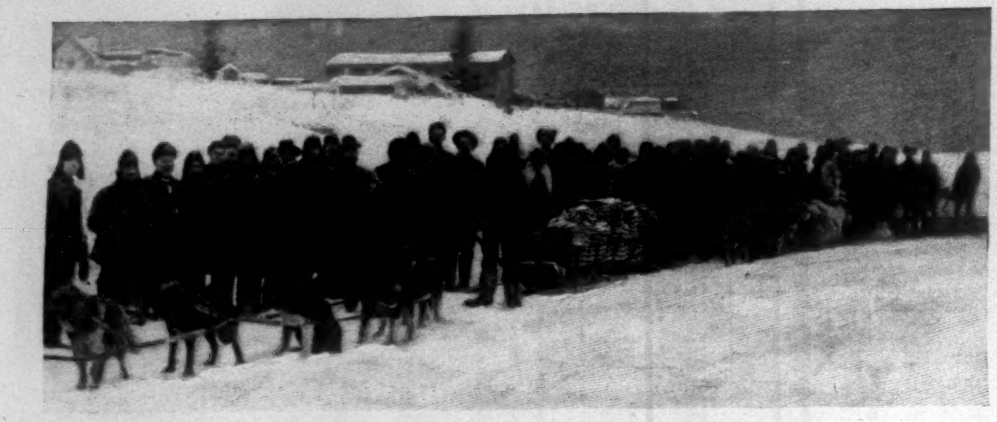
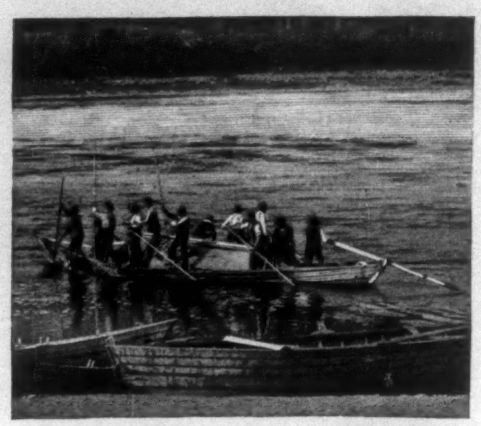
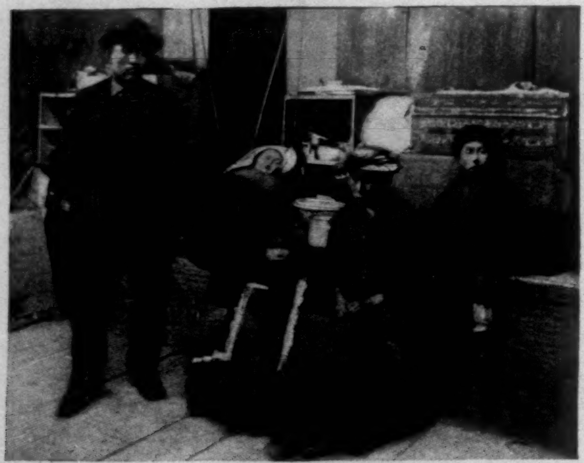


THE EXODUS FROM FORTY MILE POST TO THE KLONDIKE.
One of the most remarkable Mining Rushes on Record.

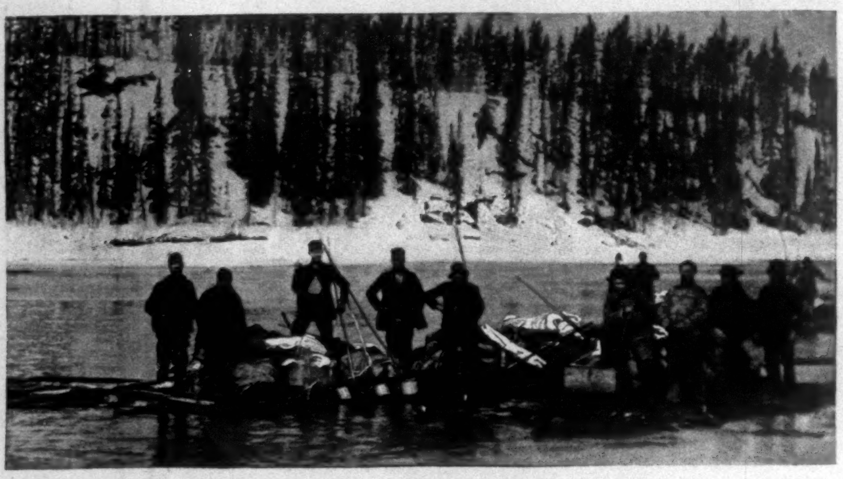


INDIANS POLING BOAT ON FORTY MILE CREEK WITH PROVISIONS FOR THE MINERS.

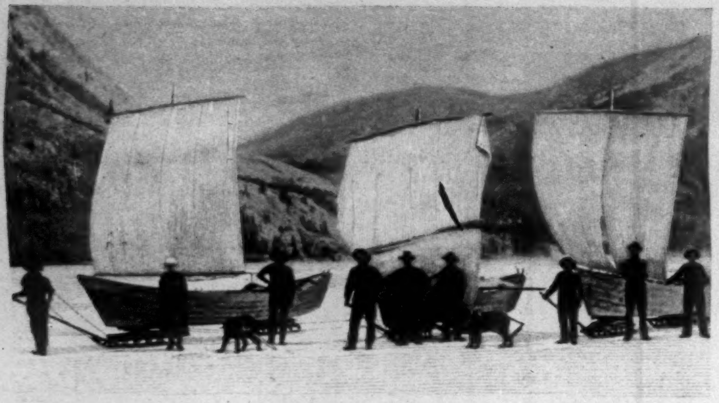


Photographed by Taber.

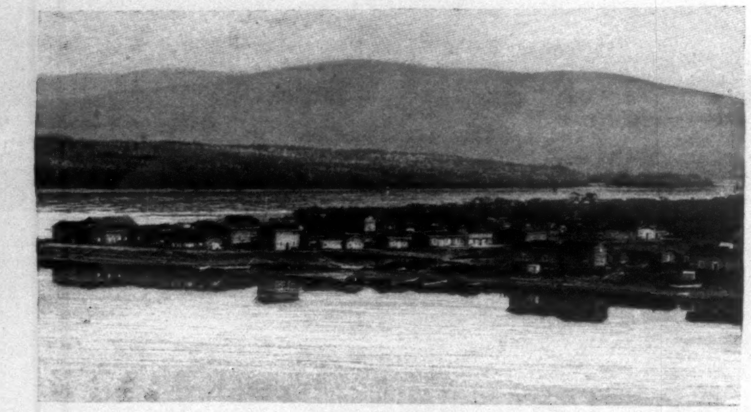
INDIANS EMPLOYED ON THE CHILKOOT PASS ROUTE.
Children carry from Twenty to Fifty Pounds, and the Dogs Twenty-five Pounds.



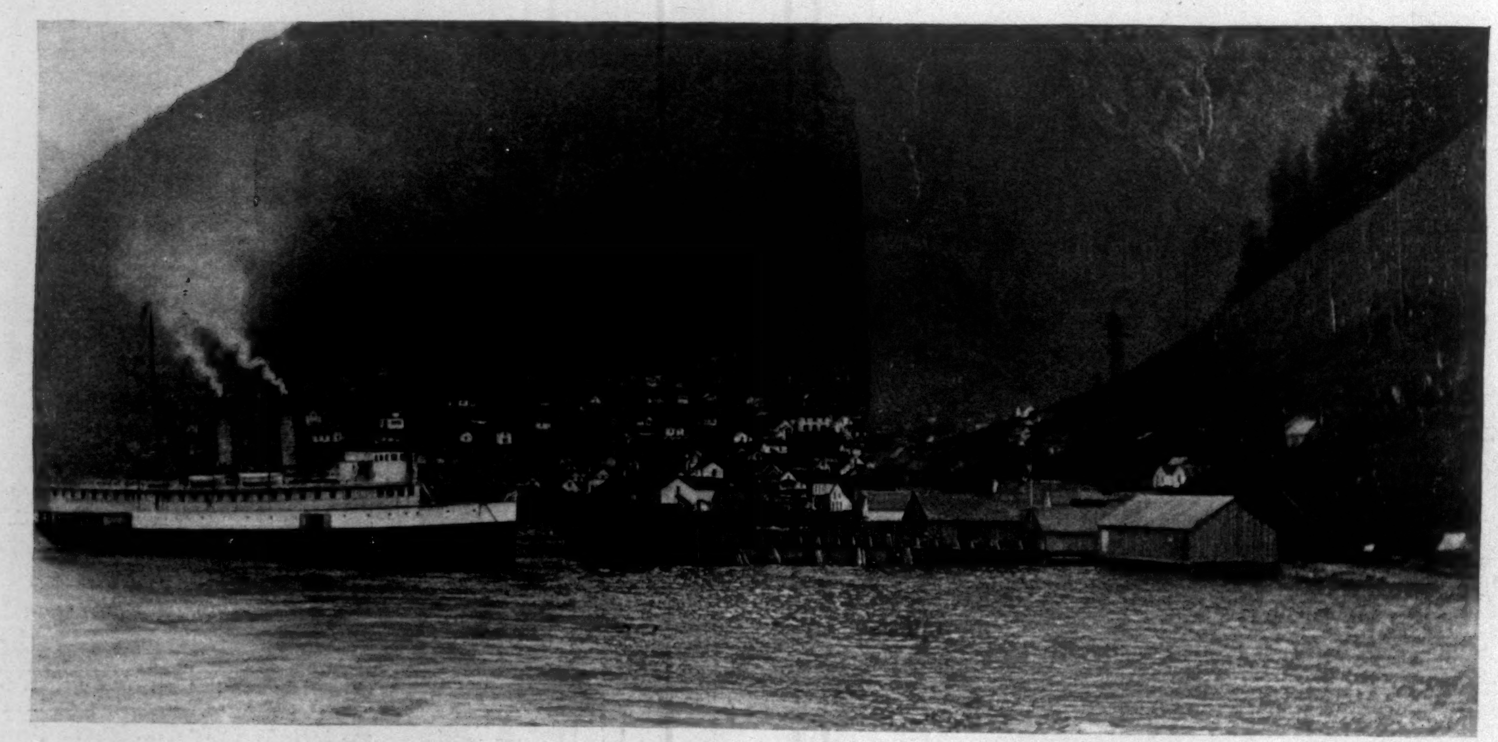
TYPICAL MINERS AND THEIR RAFTS ON THE YUKON.
Photographed while making their Way to the Klondike early last Spring.



MINERS WITH THEIR BOATS CROSSING LAKE LABARGE ON THE WAY TO THE KLONDIKE.



VIEW OF FORTY MILE POST FROM THE NORTH SIDE OF FORTY MILE CREEK.
Indian Mission in the Distance.



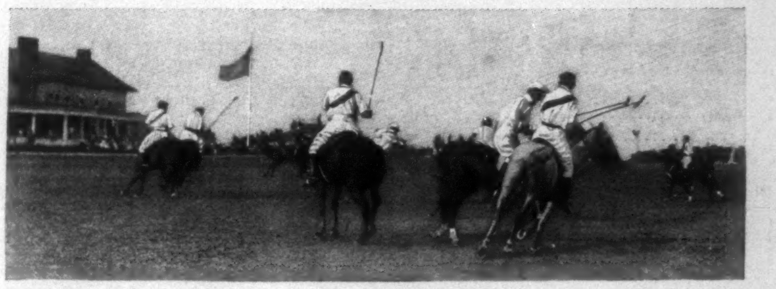
TOWN OF JUNEAU, THE STARTING-PLACE FOR THE CHILKOOT PASS ROUTE.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY TABER.

THE GOLD DISCOVERIES IN THE KLONDIKE, NORTHWEST TERRITORY.—[SEE PAGE 790.]

AMATEVR-SPORT

The feature of the present polo season is the unexampled improvement of the second and third class players. Perhaps the dependency upon these classes, in a majority of the tournaments, for the principal sport of the meeting has to a degree emphasized their improvement, but that does not change the fact that the betterment of their skill is decided and material. And no section has provided more evidence to support this statement than Philadelphia. Hitherto teams have journeyed to Philadelphia's annual tournaments with almost certain conviction of victory; they may have even done so this year, but the same confidence is not likely to be enjoyed on another trip Philadelphiawards. There has indeed been a veritable polo boom this summer roundabout Philadelphia, and we are glad to see their sportsmanship in persistently sticking to the game, despite repeated defeat, finally and substantially rewarded. Rosengarten came near befouling that clean sportsmanly record by introducing some of the manner of play he occasionally employed while a member of the University of Pennsylvania football eleven. But the Association promptly fined him, and would have suspended him from play for the year, only that a strong appeal for clemency was entered in his behalf.

I make this statement with deliberation, and for the purpose of warning polo recruits that they will not be permitted to introduce ruffianly tactics into a game which has always been played in a clean, sportsmanly manner.


IN THE GAME.

The chief reason Philadelphia lagged in polo development was accounted for by there being only one team, that of the Country Club, and but a few men who practised steadily. With the organization last year of the Devon Club, a rival and a considerable number of new players were put into the field. Devon may be said to have awakened Philadelphia to the possibilities of the game, and though the greater number of the season's honors have been won by the Country Club, Devon has had its fair share, and revealed splendid team-play. Added to sudden activity was an exceedingly low rating on the handicap list, which also had its influence in the early season successes of the Philadelphia clubs. The last revision of the handicap raises about every member of the Philadelphia teams. In the Devon Club, Snowden is raised from 2 to 4 goals; Kendrick, from 3 to 4; Zeilin, from 0 to 1. In the Philadelphia Country Club, Groome and McKean raised from 1 to 2; Strawbridge and Smith, 1 to 3; Lippincott, 1 to 4; J. F. McFadden, Rosengarten, and Kennedy, 2 to 3; and George McFadden, from 0 to 3.

A study of the new handicap and the résumé of the season's tournaments is sufficiently convincing of Philadelphia's great improvement in the game.

The Philadelphia Country Club has won the Alden, Association, Blizzard, and Morrell Cups, and Devon has won the Meadow Brook Cup.

Nowhere else is the improvement in play so marked, but around Boston (Dedham and Myopia) it has been considerable. Dedham, in fact, is playing one of the most systematic team games seen this year. Its record at the Meadow Brook tournament, where, of four matches played, it lost but one, and that because the ponies were worn out, was notable. If the team's back hit the ball a little harder and moved a bit quicker they would do even better. The last handicap revision raises the Forbes brothers from 4 to 5 and cuts Foster from 6 to 5.

The Myopia's second team is another of the lower class which promises to provide some surprises later in the season. Fay is captaining the team this year, and already they have put on a spurt which has pushed the first Myopia into the hard team game it lacked last year. If no cups fall to second Myopia's lot they will at least enjoy the satisfaction of having driven their first team to play that comes very near being of championship quality.

IN FRONT OF THE ROCKAWAY HUNT CLUB HOUSE.

At Meadow Brook and Rockaway the first teams are not so strong as last year; Meadow Brook's second team is not very formidable, but Rockaway's second has had the services of W. Anson, an Englishman, and has played some very fair polo. As a matter of fact, however, first-class polo material is scarce at both Meadow Brook and Rockaway this year, and unless the future develops some the standard of play at these two clubs will be lower than it has been for years. In their present form neither of them would be a match for Myopia.

Meadow Brook thus far has had the services of neither Thomas Hitchcock, Jr., nor Columbus Baldwin, and without them Meadow Brook will not be in the championship reckoning this year. W. C. Eustis and Benjamin Nicoll, of last year's team, are playing, and August Belmont has been doing some good work for a man who has been so long out of the game. It is possible that both Hitchcock and Baldwin will play later.

Rockaway is in about the same predicament, only she has no hope of regaining her lost stars, Foxhall Keene and J. S. Stevens, and there are none of equal skill to take their places. Conover has been showing excellent form, and bids fair to make a first-class No. 2; so also R. T. Francke has improved, but Albert Francke has fallen off somewhat. Beyond these are no first-class possibilities among the '97 candidates. Anson was promising, but he will be going back to his ranch. Cowdin has been playing his usual high-class game. Made up as they are at present, Rockaway is good enough to beat Meadow Brook, but if the latter acquires the services of Hitchcock and Baldwin, Rockaway will hardly hold its present supremacy.

Of the first teams, Myopia is certainly to-day outclassing any of the others, notwithstanding Agassiz and Shaw have both been cut from 9 to 8 goals handicap. Their work has shown great improvement over that of last year, which, though individually brilliant, lacked systematic team-work. This year Myopia I. is playing a team game, and its members are better mounted. Norman has replaced Fay, and is a stronger man.

APPROACH TO THE ROCKAWAY HUNT CLUB HOUSE.

Westchester has the making of a good team, if there were less uncertainty over the playing of the club's best two men—J. M., Jr., and L. Waterbury—and regular practice obtained. There are polo possibilities in these two young men that will put them in the front rank. The two Waterbury boys, S. Mortimer, and Stowe, of Rockaway and elsewhere, have played together as the Westchester Polo Club, and, with Beeckman replacing Stowe, the quartet has represented the Country Club of Westchester. Neither Beeckman nor Stowe fill E. C. Potter's (who, by-the-way, is practising a little, but will not play this year) place at back, and Mortimer is a long way from first class; but with steady work the team could make a very creditable showing, either at Newport or at Brooklyn, in the championships. They made a splendid record throughout the Rockaway tournament, finally winning the Cedarhurst Challenge Cup from Devon by a quarter-goal, in one of the most exciting games of the season.

While the tournaments thus far, as a rule, have not shown high-class play—the Dedham Cups tournament being the exception—yet the games have all been interesting, and some of them exciting—the notable ones being the two between Philadelphia C. C. and Rockaway II., and between Rockaway II. and Devon—all at Philadelphia; between Dedham and Westchester, and Dedham and Rockaway II., at Meadow Brook; between Essex and Philadelphia C. C., Westchester and Rockaway II., Rockaway I. and Meadow Brook I., and Westchester and Devon—all at Cedarhurst; and between Myopia I. and Dedham, and Myopia I. and Myopia II. The feature of the last game was the excellent form and dash of Myopia I. A study of these scores will prove interesting.

Résumé of polo season to date:

Brookline, Massachusetts, May 25.

Dedham		vs.	Brookline C. C.	
(A. and W. C. Forbes, Foster, and Warren.)			(Holmes, Shaw, Norman, and Fay.)	
Goals earned	10		Goals earned	11
Handicap	3			
	13			
Penalized	¼			
Total	12¾			

Westchester, New York, June 1.

Meadow Brook I.		vs.	Westchester C. C.	
(W. C. Eustis, Vingut, Roby, and Nicoll.)			(Mortimer, L. and J. M. Waterbury, and Beeckman.)	
Goals earned	17		Goals earned	3
Penalized	1		Handicap	2
Total	16		Total	5

J. M. Waterbury, Jr. L. Waterbury. S. Mortimer. E. K. Stowe.

WESTCHESTER TEAM.

R. E. Strawbridge. George McFadden. G. W. Kendrick, 3d. C. R. Snowden.

DEVON TEAM.

Westchester, New York, June 4.

Meadow Brook		vs.	**Rockaway II.**	
			(Savage, Anson, Conover, and R. Francke.)	
Goals earned	9		Goals earned	12
Penalized	½		Handicap	6
Total	8½			18
			Penalized	½
			Total	17½

ALDEN CUP.

Devon, Pennsylvania, June 10.

First Event.

Philadelphia C. C.		vs.	**Devon.**	
(Lippincott, Kennedy, Rosengarten, and J. F. McFadden.)			(Snowden, Kendrick, G. McFadden, and Altemus.)	
Goals earned	6		Goals earned	7
Handicap	4			
Total	10			

Final.

Philadelphia C. C.		vs.	**Rockaway II.**	
Goals earned	2		Goals earned	10
Handicap	10		Penalized	¼
	12		Total	9¾
Penalized	½			
Total	11½			

POLO ASSOCIATION CUPS.

Bala, June 19.

Final.

Philadelphia C. C.		vs.	**Rockaway II.**	
Goals earned	6		Goals earned	15
Handicap	10		Penalized	½
	16		Total	14½
Penalized	¾			
Total	15¼			

VALENTINE CHALLENGE CUP.

Devon, Pennsylvania, June 26.

Final.

Devon		vs.	**Rockaway II.**	
(Strawbridge replacing Altemus.)			(Stowe replacing R. Francke.)	
Goals earned	3		Goals earned	14
Handicap	9		Penalized	¾
	12		Total	13¼
Penalized	1¼			
Total	10¾			

MEADOW BROOK CUPS.

Meadow Brook, Long Island, June 28.

First Event.

Meadow Brook I.		vs.	**Dedham.**	
(Belmont replacing Roby.)				
Goals earned	8		Goals earned	6
			Handicap	4
			Total	10

Second Event

Devon		vs.	**Rockaway III.**	
			(Hazard, Scott, A. and L. J. Francke.)	
Goals earned	5		Goals earned	2
Handicap	7			
Total	12			

Third Event.

Rockaway I.		vs.	**Philadelphia C. C.**	
(Anson, Conover, Cowdin, and R. Francke.)			(Smith, Rosengarten, Kennedy, and Altemus.)	
Goals earned	10		Goals earned	3
			Handicap	14
			Total	17

Fourth Event.

Rockaway II.		vs.	**Meadow Brook II.**	
(Stevenson, Savage, Myers, and Story.)			(Magoun, J. B. Eustis, Jr., Stevens, and Stowe.	
Goals earned	7		Goals earned	8
Handicap	3			
Total	10			

Fifth Event.

Dedham		vs.	**Westchester C. C.**	
Goals earned	7		Goals earned	7
Handicap	1			
Total	8			

Sixth Event.

Devon		vs.	**Philadelphia C. C.**	
Goals earned	12		Goals earned	6
Handicap	1			
Total	13			

Seventh Event.

Dedham		vs.	**Rockaway II.**	
Goals earned	14		Goals earned	3
			Handicap	10
			Total	13

Final.

Dedham		vs.	**Devon.**	
(Clark replacing W. C. Forbes.)				
Goals earned	6		Goals earned	10
			Handicap	10
			Total	20

BLIZZARD CUPS.

Cedarhurst, Long Island, July 5.

First Event.

Staten Island		vs.	**Essex.**	
(Sidenberg, Cander, Robbins, and M. Smith.)			(C. Pfizer, Dallett, Headley, and Hallock.)	
Goals earned	0		Goals earned	18
Handicap	8			
	8			
Penalized	¼			
Total	7¾			

Final.

Essex		vs.	**Philadelphia C. C.**	
Goals earned	6		Goals earned	8
Handicap	2			
	8			
Penalized	½			
Total	7½			

CEDARHURST CHALLENGE CUP.

Cedarhurst, July 8.

First Event.

Westchester P. C.		vs.	**Rockaway II.**	
(Mortimer, J. M. Jr., and L. Waterbury, and Stowe.)			(Savage, Anson, A. and L. J. Francke.)	
Goals earned	9		Goals earned	7
			Handicap	1
			Total	8

Second Event.

Meadow Brook I.		vs.	**Rockaway I.**	
			(Hazard, Conover, Myers, and R. Francke.)	
Goals earned	6		Goals earned	4
			Handicap	4
			Total	8

Third Event.

Won by Devon on default Rockaway III.

Fourth Event.

Philadelphia C. C.		vs.	**Meadow Brook II.**	
(Zellin, Lippincott, Kennedy, and Smith.)			(Roby replacing Stowe.)	
Goals earned	11		Goals earned	8
Handicap	7			
	18			
Penalized	¼			
Total	17¾			

Fifth Event.

Westchester P. C.		vs.	**Rockaway I.**	
Goals earned	16		Goals earned	4
Penalized	¼		Handicap	1
Total	15¾		Total	5

Sixth Event.

Philadelphia C. C.		vs.	**Devon.**	
(Lippincott, Smith, Kennedy, and Altemus.)			(Snowden, Kendrick, G. McFadden, and Strawbridge.)	
Goals earned	3		Goals earned	8
Handicap	1			
Total	4			

Final.

Westchester P. C.		vs.	**Devon.**	
Goals earned	10		Goals earned	3
Penalized	¼		Handicap	7
Total	9¾			10
			Penalized	½
			Total	9½

NICOLL CUPS.

Meadow Brook, Long Island, July 19.

First Event.

Rockaway I.		vs.	**Meadow Brook I.**	
(Anson, Cowdin, Conover, and R. Francke.)			(W. C. and J. Eustis, Vingut, and Nicoll.)	
Goals earned	9		Goals earned	3

Cedarhurst, July 24.

Final.

Rockaway I.		vs.	**Meadow Brook I.**	
Goals earned	9		Goals earned	3

DEDHAM CUPS.

Dedham, Massachusetts, July 21.

First Event.

Myopia I.		vs.	**Dedham.**	
(Gardner, Shaw, Norman, and Agassiz.)			(W. C. Forbes replacing Clark.)	
Goals earned	16		Goals earned	2
Penalized	¼		Handicap	9
Total	15¾		Total	11

Final.

Myopia I.		vs.	**Myopia II.**	
			(Meyer, Holmes, Fay, and McKean.)	
Goals earned	16		Goals earned	0
			Handicap	15
			Total	15

MYOPIA CUPS.

Hamilton, Massachusetts, July 28.

First Event.

Myopia I.		vs.	**Myopia II.**	
Goals earned	23		Goals earned	2
Penalized	¼		Handicap	15
Total	22¾		Total	17

Final.

Myopia I.		vs.	**Dedham.**	
			(Clark replacing W. C. Forbes.)	
Goals earned	15		Goals earned	2
			Handicap	11
				13
			Penalized	¼
			Total	12¾

The play of Myopia I. against its second team on the 28th ult. was not so good as that of the week before, despite the larger score. Its play was brilliant individually, but the team-work not so good as that shown at Dedham.

The exhibition of Myopia I. at Hamilton last week, against, first, its second team and then Dedham, was spectacular with its brilliant streaks of individual endeavor. But I was surprised at the obvious inconsequential place team-work appears to hold in Myopia's estimation. In the Dedham tournament there had been more team-work and much stronger all-round play. Instead of pursuing that line, Myopia yielded again to the temptation of exploiting its individual cleverness, and did not play nearly so strong a game, although applause from the on-lookers was enthusiastic and frequent. It was this frailty that cost the team a place in the finals of last year's championship, and the same susceptibility to showy play would be equally disastrous to their '97 chances.

The applause of sympathetic spectators is not an invariable criterion of the quality of polo.

Against its second team at Hamilton, Myopia I. should have made the score much larger; for the occasional listless work of Myopia II. gave many opportunities for scoring, which could not be taken advantage of because of Myopia I.'s. failure to keep in its positions.

The same criticism applies to Myopia's performance in the game against Dedham on Friday last. Myopia's game on this occasion was certainly brilliant, and, to the local spectators, of a very high class. But, to the spectator who looked carefully and knowingly, the game was disappointing. It revealed such an independent plan of play as to raise strong doubts of success against teams of equal class. Gardiner and Shaw appeared responsive to no system other than that which exhibited the long drives of the one and the excellent horsemanship of the other. That Shaw's work was brilliant and valuable, the fact of his being credited with twelve goals sufficiently proves. But the experience of last autumn at Brooklyn rather demonstrated the ineffectiveness of the individual game, be it never so brilliant, against first-class team-work.

Gardiner's powerful drives were really quite as often as not entirely too powerful to attain the object sought—*i. e.*, goal-making. Time and again the ball crossed the line, spoiling the chance for another stroke that might have shot it between the goal posts.

Man for man, Dedham was outclassed, added to which there was less team-work than it showed at Meadow Brook. The team seemed influenced by the example of Myopia, although Captain Warren got them together for some excellent team-work when they made their first goal. It was notable on that occasion, too, that Dedham's team-work carried the ball straight down the field, despite Myopia's strenuous efforts to turn it.

Good, persistent team-work would, in fact, have very much disconcerted the game Myopia played last Friday. Gardiner, seemingly intent only upon runs to goal, offered very little resistance to Dedham's back, who in his turn played too close up, and thus gave the Myopia forwards many opportunities they should not have had to get away on a run for goal. Agassiz at back and Norman at three did the team-work for Myopia, and did it eminently well under the circumstances of being bothered by their less systematic partners.

Altogether, it was not really first-class polo; and it was disappointing after the indications of team-play Myopia had given ten days before. Myopia has a great chance this year of redeeming last year's losses, but team-work is the one dependable means needed to that end.

The Longwood lawn-tennis tournament was highly successful, despite climatic conditions of a most saddening nature. Larned provided the only high-class tennis, but most interesting of all were the surprises; and according to modern sporting law, surprises are the spice of athletic entertainment. Fortunately for American peace of mind, all of the surprises came our way.

Either Mahony's game has deteriorated since his other visit to Boston, in '95, or he had not got rid of his sea-legs when he met Larned at Longwood. Not merely that he was defeated, but because he was beaten so easily. There is no man playing tennis to-day who could go through the Mahony of 1895 with the consummate ease that Larned last week beat the Mahony of '97. And this is making due allowance for Larned's improvement. Larned's game to-day is but little different from that of two or even three years ago. It was always most brilliant at its best, and most aggravatingly mediocre at its worst. There has been no year since Larned made his first appearance at Newport when highest success was not within his reach, if he could maintain throughout a match the brilliancy of his occasional streaks of play.

Against men of the Wrenn type, who play perhaps even stronger in the last than in the first set of a match, Larned until last week had never sustained his severest game. Where his brilliant rallies have not met continuous and stubborn resistance, Larned has been at his best.

Larned never performed more brilliantly than against Mahony, nor were the conditions ever more to his liking—a first-class player offering first-class resistance for one set, and losing form thereafter. Both men were visibly affected by the importance of the meeting, and their play showed it in the first games. Mahony drove out of court and into the net for half the first set, and then pulled himself together long enough to win the set by some clever passing to the back court, but largely by allowing Larned to beat himself. Larned, however, began the second set playing more steadily, and though he lost the second and fourth games by that over-anxiety apparent in his play when working up to his brilliant streaks, he continued accumulating force, and by the sixth game of that set had reached his top form. From that point until the end Mahony's endeavors to stay Larned's triumphant swing were inconsequential. He was outplayed, getting but two games and twenty-one points in the last two sets. Score, Larned wins, 5–7, 6–3, 6–2, 6–0.

The G. L. Wrenn-Whitman match was really more interesting, because more stubbornly contested. Whitman showed much improvement over his recent play, and his supreme effort was rewarded in the third and fourth sets; but he is not, however, in the class with Wrenn, whose game, modelled somewhat after that of his redoubtable brother, is becoming a very strong one. G. L. Wrenn beat Whitman, 6–4, 6–2, 9–11, 8–10, 6–4. How strong G. L. Wrenn's game is becoming was shown by the difficulty Larned found in defeating him—6–2, 4–6, 4–6, 6–1, 6–2—although Larned's unsteadiness was responsible for the postponement of the final result.

H. A. Nisbett's defeat of W. V. Eaves—9–7, 6–4, 8–6—was upsetting. Nisbett is lowest of the visiting Englishmen on the English ranking list, and he had never before last week beaten Eaves. But at Longwood his game was far and away the stronger. He played aggressively, even brilliantly, especially in volleying from the back court, and his backhand strokes were very fine. Eaves may have been out of condition, but the next meeting will decide.

Larned's steady play, in my judgment, was the feature of the Longwood week. I do not recall another tournament in which he has shown such consistent form. And in no match was this somewhat unusual disposition more apparent than against Nisbett, whom Larned defeated, 6–2, 6–3, 8–6. The Englishman was rather uncertain in his driving, going frequently into the net, but Larned earned enough points to win the match, and had the better of a majority of the brilliant rallies. Larned, in fact, played all round the Englishman, who even at his best seemed the American's inferior.

Larned's victory over Nisbett, and J. D. Forbes's defeat of Budlong (2–6, 6–3, 6–2, 6–0), brought these two together in the final round to decide the challenger for the Longwood cup held by R. D. Wrenn. The Larned-Forbes match was, of course, a foregone conclusion, but it served to show how greatly the game of Forbes has improved. To have defeated Budlong so emphatically is no small triumph, considering the difference in their ranking and experience. Budlong seems to have earned a place among the "also ran."

Wrenn's defeat in the challenge round was not surprising, for this was his first tournament this season; that Larned should have been his conqueror, however, is somewhat unexpected. Not that Wrenn's game, even at its best, is so much better than Larned's, but because Larned has not before succeeded in sustaining his game long enough to defeat the champion.

For that reason, and because of his steadiness against Mahony and Nisbett, the Longwood week seems to my mind the most notable one in Larned's career as a lawn-tennis player. Perhaps he has at last attained that consistency of form promised at the beginning of each season for the last three, and dissipated as regularly in its closing week.

He played a strong, aggressive game against Wrenn, passing him repeatedly, and earning his points in the first, second, and fifth sets. In the others he was somewhat unsteady. Wrenn at all times played to the very end, but showed the need of practice. Score—Larned wins—6–2, 9–7, 2–6, 4–6, 6–2.

This week, on the St. George Club courts, we shall have a further and fairer test of the comparative strength of the English and American games. If Larned holds to his recently acquired steadiness and Wrenn reaches his top form, we shall see the American game successfully represented.

CASPAR WHITNEY.

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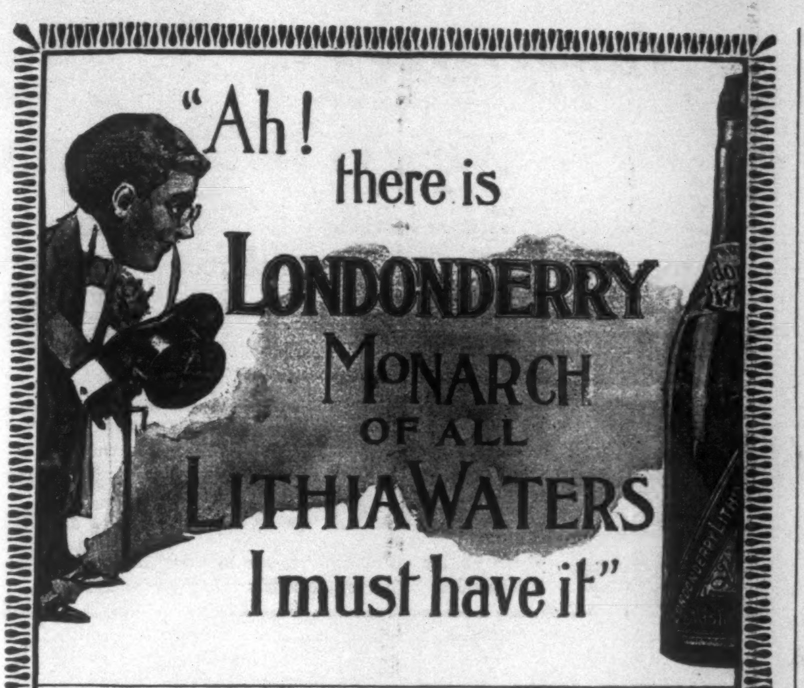

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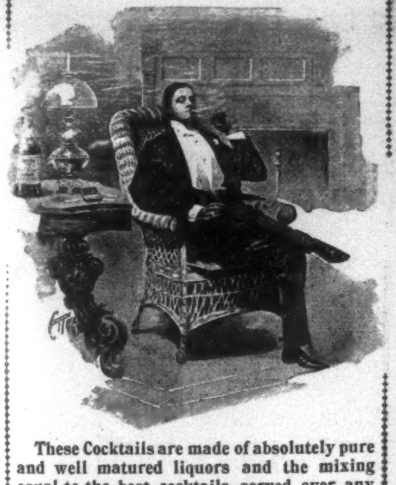

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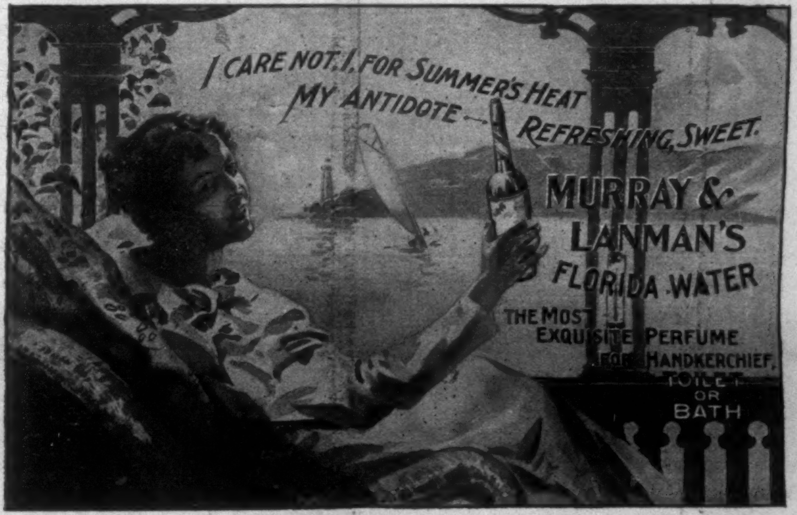
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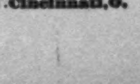

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